

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

Dramatic Opinions.

BY MRS. KENDAL.

PART I.

My opinions ! What nonsense, they won't interest any one, for my personal friends already know them, and my enemies won't like them, or believe in them ; they will only dissect them, turn them inside out, and try to make out and prove to my unknown generous British public that I am wrong in everything I say ! You see, I start with the idea I've enemies. I'll tell you why : all people that have many friends must have the other things ; now, I am sure I have the former, so there you are. Who is it says, "A man without an enemy has not got a friend" ? Well, I believe that—that's one of my *opinions* !

Before I begin, I suppose I ought to say, like a child on going into school, how old I am and where I was born. But, dear reader, please don't ask me that—where I was born and how old am I. Don't you know ? Some folks add a year or two to my age when writing about me, and can't quite decide where I was born. Perhaps I "growed," eh ? I shan't tell you, because curiosity in a man is awful ; in my sex it's pardonable, I'm told, and most women ask each other, "How old do you think Miss, or Mrs., So-and-so is ? Now think. She began in such a theatre, and played such a part ; she must have been over twenty then, that makes her — Oh, my dear, she *must* be !" But *men* never talk like that. At their clubs they converse only of politics, and discuss the progress of the different ages of man, but no, never—never of woman !

Both my father and mother were on the stage, so were my grandfather and grandmother, so were my great-grandfather and great-grandmother; so were my great-aunts and uncles, my *simple* aunts and uncles, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, my nieces. I hardly have a relation in the world that hasn't been on the stage, except the new-made knight, Sir William Tindal Robertson, the member for Brighton; but his father, my uncle, was an actor for some years.

We are very, very proud of the fact; when I say *we*, I mean the Robertson family. *We* sounds regal, doesn't it? but I can't say *us* because that wouldn't be grammatical, so I am obliged to say *we*. Yes, we are proud of it. The blood of the Montmorencys doesn't fire up more when they speak of their long line of ancestry dating from the Conquest, than the Robertson blood burns with enthusiasm when speaking of our long line of descent from actors of old. And we shall, I hope, do nothing in the future to lessen that enthusiasm.

I am the twenty-second child of my parents. Yes, the twenty-second. My brother Tom, the author, was my father's eldest son. I am the youngest of the family. I never knew my brother Tom except as a man grown up—such a great many brothers and sisters came between us.

I am sorry to say I did not play in any of his comedies, in none of what is considered his best work. I played in 'Dreams' at the Gaiety, which was charming to the end of Act II., and then fell off considerably, and none knew this better than himself. I often hear my brother's work spoken of as "*The Bread and Butter School*." Bread and butter! but what good bread and butter! How fine the flour! How carefully kneaded, and always served hot from the bakehouse! Then the butter! How fresh and sweet, what an excellent colour, what delicate pretty pats, with just enough salt to give it a rich, delicious flavour! And then, again, how well the butter was spread over the bread—just enough, no more. And this bread, like all good home-made loaves, was all the better for the keeping. Everybody must eat bread and butter, then how necessary these commodities should be wholesome and pure! We Robertsons never speak of Tom without calling him "Napoleon," for his "Bread and Butter School" was the *coup d'état* to many things. Sometimes I fancy people mean to be rude and speak slightly of his work when they call it "bread and butter," but at every tea party I take my children to I say, "Begin with your uncle's

fare *first*, you shall have some fairy poetical drama called 'cake' afterwards!"

Now let me say a few words of personal biography.

Once upon a time there were three theatrical circuits, the York circuit, the Bath circuit, and the Lincolnshire circuit. A Robertson built theatres in the eight towns of the Lincolnshire circuit: companies used to travel (as we do now on a larger scale, among the provincial towns); but in those days all the theatres within a certain radius belonged to one manager, and you were an actor of importance if you belonged to either circuit. My uncle, who was known as "old Tom Robertson, the Mogul," succeeded to the property; when he died he left it to his wife, from whom my father obtained it.

Mr. Chippendale, Messrs. Compton, Braid, and Rogers of the Haymarket Theatre were all actors in my father's theatre. I have letters from Compton to my father when he began I do not like to say at how much a week—and how he was advanced a certain sum of money to get to town. Afterwards life was reversed, and when I became an actress at the Haymarket Theatre I was called by these old actors "The daughter of the Regiment."

When the railway mania or some other burst of speculation reached into Lincolnshire, my father lost everything he possessed; and, on the very day and hour when he knew everything was lost, I was born.

As I have told you, I was the youngest of the family, and considered a very wonderful person to have been reared, because I was the twenty-second child of the same parents. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Marinus. She was a German—the name is Dutch. She was born near the Hague, but her parents really were Germans. Mr. Buckstone was at one time, I believe, a sweetheart of my mother's, and he was so thin and so small, that my mother used to say she could blow him away! I always have believed, perhaps it is a childish belief, that if my mother had had a fair opportunity of appearing before the London public, she would have been a very shining light indeed. I believe she did act there once, but not in any prominent part. She was a true *comédienne*. I was too young to form a reliable estimate of her powers until she was quite an old woman, but her reminiscences and her anecdotes and her sense of humour were very fine.

It appears that my mother wrote to Mr. Chute, of Bristol,

Both my father and mother were on the stage, so were my grandfather and grandmother, so were my great-grandfather and great-grandmother; so were my great-aunts and uncles, my *simple* aunts and uncles, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, my nieces. I hardly have a relation in the world that hasn't been on the stage, except the new-made knight, Sir William Tindal Robertson, the member for Brighton; but his father, my uncle, was an actor for some years.

We are very, very proud of the fact; when I say we, I mean the Robertson family. *We* sounds regal, doesn't it? but I can't say *us* because that wouldn't be grammatical, so I am obliged to say *we*. Yes, we are proud of it. The blood of the Montmorencys doesn't fire up more when they speak of their long line of ancestry dating from the Conquest, than the Robertson blood burns with enthusiasm when speaking of our long line of descent from actors of old. And we shall, I hope, do nothing in the future to lessen that enthusiasm.

I am the twenty-second child of my parents. Yes, the twenty-second. My brother Tom, the author, was my father's eldest son. I am the youngest of the family. I never knew my brother Tom except as a man grown up—such a great many brothers and sisters came between us.

I am sorry to say I did not play in any of his comedies, in none of what is considered his best work. I played in 'Dreams' at the Gaiety, which was charming to the end of Act II., and then fell off considerably, and none knew this better than himself. I often hear my brother's work spoken of as "*The Bread and Butter School*." Bread and butter! but what good bread and butter! How fine the flour! How carefully kneaded, and always served hot from the bakehouse! Then the butter! How fresh and sweet, what an excellent colour, what delicate pretty pats, with just enough salt to give it a rich, delicious flavour! And then, again, how well the butter was spread over the bread—just enough, no more. And this bread, like all good home-made loaves, was all the better for the keeping. Everybody must eat bread and butter, then how necessary these commodities should be wholesome and pure! We Robertsons never speak of Tom without calling him "Napoleon," for his "Bread and Butter School" was the *coup d'état* to many things. Sometimes I fancy people mean to be rude and speak slightly of his work when they call it "bread and butter," but at every tea party I take my children to I say, "Begin with your uncle's

fare *first*, you shall have some fairly poetical drama called 'cake' afterwards!"

Now let me say a few words of personal biography.

Once upon a time there were three theatrical circuits, the York circuit, the Bath circuit, and the Lincolnshire circuit. A Robertson built theatres in the eight towns of the Lincolnshire circuit: companies used to travel (as we do now on a larger scale, among the provincial towns); but in those days all the theatres within a certain radius belonged to one manager, and you were an actor of importance if you belonged to either circuit. My uncle, who was known as "old Tom Robertson, the Mogul," succeeded to the property; when he died he left it to his wife, from whom my father obtained it.

Mr. Chippendale, Messrs. Compton, Braid, and Rogers of the Haymarket Theatre were all actors in my father's theatre. I have letters from Compton to my father when he began I do not like to say at how much a week—and how he was advanced a certain sum of money to get to town. Afterwards life was reversed, and when I became an actress at the Haymarket Theatre I was called by these old actors "The daughter of the Regiment."

When the railway mania or some other burst of speculation reached into Lincolnshire, my father lost everything he possessed; and, on the very day and hour when he knew everything was lost, I was born.

As I have told you, I was the youngest of the family, and considered a very wonderful person to have been reared, because I was the twenty-second child of the same parents. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Marinus. She was a German—the name is Dutch. She was born near the Hague, but her parents really were Germans. Mr. Buckstone was at one time, I believe, a sweetheart of my mother's, and he was so thin and so small, that my mother used to say she could blow him away! I always have believed, perhaps it is a childish belief, that if my mother had had a fair opportunity of appearing before the London public, she would have been a very shining light indeed. I believe she did act there once, but not in any prominent part. She was a true *comédienne*. I was too young to form a reliable estimate of her powers until she was quite an old woman, but her reminiscences and her anecdotes and her sense of humour were very fine.

It appears that my mother wrote to Mr. Chute, of Bristol,

and said: "You were a poor actor once in our theatre; you have now one of your own; let me be an actress in it." Mr. Chute said "Yes"; and in that theatre I was brought out as Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Gentlemen who acted with me were George Melville, William Rignold, and George Rignold. A clever lady, Miss Cleveland, who now is Mrs. Arthur Stirling, was the Eliza. I was cast for the part of Eva, which contained three or four little songs, because I used to sing as a child, and was supposed to have something of a voice. At the end of the play I used to be carried up to heaven with Uncle Tom. I was put in a kind of machine, something was put round my waist, and I went up in a sort of apotheosis, as in 'Faust and Marguerite.' I remember too that all my hair was let down my back. I was very fair when I was a child. You can imagine that, as one grows older, hair gets darker if nature is not interfered with.

Then came a blank in my life, when I was too old to play children's parts and not old enough to play women's. There was a certain Miss Pillinger, an intimate friend of Mrs. Chute's, who used to keep a musical academy of very great pretensions. From Miss Pillinger I received—I must not say my musical education, because I am not a sufficiently good musician to say that, but the elements of one.

I remained at Miss Pillinger's Academy until I was about fifteen, when Mr. Wild, who was a partner of Mr. Buckstone at Bradford, came and heard me sing, and insisted on engaging me for the burlesque boy's part of *Rasselas*. Mr. John O'Connor was the scenic artist. He used to do painting on his own account. I said to him one day, "Mr. O'Connor, when I am rich I shall buy a picture from you," and the first five pounds I ever spent on a picture was in buying a bit of still life of his, which now hangs in my drawing-room.

At this time I used to play parts in the first piece, the burlesque boy's part in the second, and then I sang, and nobody could discover whether I was going to be an actress or a singer, or what my future was to be. I was always told I was "going to be something," and perhaps the most tangible result of the prediction was that during this period of my life I began to earn £10 a week. I was very glad and happy, because I then took my father and mother off the stage, and never allowed them to act again.

I had for some time been very anxious to do this. One day

an old actor had come off the stage and said, "God bless my soul, Robertson has forgotten his lines again!" I thought, "They shall work no more." From that time my father and mother never acted again.

After leaving Bradford, I came to London, and played for six weeks at the Haymarket Theatre with Mr. Walter Montgomery. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield played Roderigo; he was a great friend of my brother's, and a great lover of art in every way. During the time that I was there Mr. Ira Aldridge was engaged to act. Mr. Ira Aldridge was a man who, being black, always picked out the fairest woman he could to play Desdemona with him, not because she was capable of acting the part, but because she had a fair head. One of the great bits of "business" that he used to do was where in one of the scenes he had to say, "Your hand, Desdemona." He made a very great point of opening his hand and making you place yours in it, and the audience used to see the contrast. He always made a point of it, and got a round of applause: how, I do not know. It always struck me that he had got some species of—well, I will not say "genius," because I dislike that word, as used nowadays—but gleams of great intelligence. Although a genuine black, he was quite *preux chevalier* in his manners to women. The fairer you were, the more obsequious he was to you. In the last act he used to take Desdemona out of bed by her hair, and drag her round the stage before he smothered her. You had to wear sandals and toed stockings to produce the effect of being undressed. I remember very distinctly this dragging Desdemona about by the hair was considered so brutal that it was loudly hissed. Those are the main points of my performance in 'Othello,' to the success of which I am afraid I did not very much contribute.

Now, I must tell you something very odd. Madame Jenny Lind, afterwards Madame Goldschmidt, once called on me and told me she was going to teach the scholars of the Royal College of Music, by the wish of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and she did not feel that she would be able to teach them to sing unless I would teach them how to speak. I told her I didn't consider myself qualified to do so, whereupon she replied that she would not belong to the College of Music unless I did. I was so immensely flattered by this great and gifted creature coming to me, that on the receipt of what I am proud to think was a command from H.R.H. the Prince of

Wales, who, you know, is the President, I undertook to teach the scholars that came to Madame Jenny Lind. Well, when I first called over the names of my pupils, I found the name of 'Miss Aldridge,' and was informed that she was the daughter of the gentleman with whom I had acted Desdemona as a girl at the Haymarket, a fact which immediately gave me the strongest interest and feeling for her. She has since then given singing lessons and concerts.

From the Haymarket I went with Mr. Montgomery, and opened the new Nottingham Theatre which he had taken. Nottingham was one of the places where my grandfather had built a theatre. It was a strange thing that my eldest sister sang the last note in my grandfather's theatre, and that I sang the first note in the New Theatre Royal. Again, you see, I go back to my singing propensities. I sang the first verse of "God Save the Queen," which in those days was always upon the programme. I was in Nottingham for a very short time. From there I went to the Theatre Royal, Hull, which was a new theatre, to open with Mr. William Brough, who was the manager. I was the leading lady. I used to play everything, from Lady Macbeth to Papillonnetta. Papillonnetta was a lady with wings, in a burlesque of Mr. Brough's. The wings were invented by Mr. Brough, and they used to wind up and flap for about ten minutes, and you then had to run off and be wound up again. In that I used to dance a *pas seul*. Every actress on the stage of any known position has always attempted Lady Macbeth, and has got a more or less ridiculous or interesting anecdote to tell of that attempt. Here is mine :—Mr. Samuel Phelps came down to Hull to play for three nights, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. He chose for his three nights' performances, 'Richelieu,' in which I played Julie; the 'Man of the World,' in which I played the comedy part, and, to complete it, 'Lady Macbeth.'

The reason I played Lady Macbeth was that there was nobody else to play it, except a very old lady. Mr. Phelps had to choose between this very old lady and myself. Mr. Brough told Mr. Phelps that he had better take me, as, whether I could do it or could not, I had at that time so completely got the Hull people to like me that they would forgive me anything. I was put in a garment of my mother's. Mr. Brough, thinking that this was a hazardous experiment, put it in the play-bills "for the first time." I went on, and was received tremendously, and,

having been taught by my father, I suppose I got through it somehow, and was vociferously cheered. It shows how if anybody, however incompetent, pleases an audience, they will sweep art, experience, and knowledge out of the whole thing and give the inexperienced a hearing. I was called over and over again. Mr. Phelps did not take me before the curtain. Why should he? When he went on again, he was greeted with the most tremendous cries of "Bring her out!" As my father was standing at the wings, he was sent for, and a young man out of the gallery, of enormous size, came round and said to him, "Ay, Mr. Robertson, if thou say'st t' word, I'll duck him in t'Humber; he's not brought on our Madge." My father had to take Mr. Phelps out of the front door to avoid the gallery boys throwing him in "t'Humber." A greater insult to a "genius"—for this time we may apply the word in its right place—a greater insult than a chit attempting to stand upon the same stage with this man, who was, as all the world will acknowledge, a really great actor, I have never experienced. But so kind, so generous, was Mr. Phelps, that, when I came to London, he paid me the compliment of sending for me to play Lady Teazle at his benefit at the Standard Theatre.

From Hull I came to the Haymarket Theatre under Mr. Buckstone, where I remained seven years. There I met my husband, and married. I went to the Haymarket a single girl, and left it "*The Matron of the Drama*." This title, which is always applied to me, it would be foolish to say I am not proud of. I am very, very proud of it; but with the pride comes a feeling of regret at being so conspicuously selected. To the generous-minded friends who have given me this title my grateful thanks are due; but I fear they did not take into consideration the feelings of many others when they placed on my poor head this crown of honour! I next went to the Court Theatre with Mr. Hare to play Lady Flora: then to the Prince of Wales's to play in 'Peril' and 'Diplomacy'; and afterwards to the St. James's. Such has been my life. They say that rolling stones gather no moss, but sometimes I think it is a pity to remain too stationary.

I have often been asked, I may say, by thousands, both in letters and in conversation, as a matter of interest by my friends and from curiosity by others, why my husband and I always act together, and have never been parted. I wish to state to the public why it is so. My father was an actor who

said he believed that the greatest amount of domesticity and happiness in a life devoted to art could exist upon the stage, provided husbands and wives never parted. If, on the contrary, a man, because he could earn £10 a week more, went to one theatre, whilst his wife for a similar reason went to another, their interests tended to become divided; their feelings ran in separate grooves, and gradually a shadow would grow up at home which divided them for ever. On my expressing a wish that I should marry an actor, he said that only on this condition would he allow me to marry my husband,—that we should never be parted. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean always acted together, and she endorsed my father's words. If my husband and I had been separated, if he had played parts to other women; if other women had played parts to him, and I to other men, and other men to me, there is no doubt that certain go-ahead people would have preferred it, and we should probably have been worth thousands of pounds more to-day; but, on the other hand, there is another section of the public who say they like to see us act together: that the very fact of knowing we are man and wife gives them a certain satisfaction in witnessing our performance, which they would not otherwise feel. That, however, I must leave for the public to decide; as far as we are concerned, however, it was a vow made to my father, from which my husband has never departed; and if, when we are dead, we leave our children less money, let us hope they will respect what we have done.

Letters have been written to me, and friends have come to me and argued the point, saying it would be more interesting to see another man embracing me. Where the interest comes in, I do not know. Also that it would be infinitely more fascinating if somebody else acted with my husband. I believe there is a little sort of story going forth that the reason of all this is to be found in the existence of a peculiar green-eyed monster in Mrs. Kendal's heart. Poor lady! It is a blessed gift that her shoulders are broad, because I have found that, if a woman has lived many years happily and creditably with her husband, some reason or reasons must be given. However, in return, I beg the disaffected always to look with large opera-glasses at my husband, who, having lived with me for twenty years, is a very good target for them to shoot their pistols at!

I wonder will it interest you to hear what I think of the French actors coming over to London, and the effect it had on art generally

in this country? I think for one thing that it has made the English people see that there is just as much good art here as abroad. But then you must make allowances for the different peculiarities of nations. For instance, as you drive through the streets of Paris you often see two people talking at a corner, and you notice their gesticulations. One is explaining something to the other. From the extraordinary twinkle in his eye, the expression of his mouth, the waving of his hand in the air, and the undulating sort of movement of his body, you suppose that he is describing some most exciting scene, perhaps a murder; you go up to him and find that he is simply pointing to a *café* where he had some beer! Now all these gesticulations are to a Frenchman perfectly natural, he is to the manner born.

We English, speaking generally, have by nature no gesticulation. We are more phlegmatic, more solid. Like the parrot, we "think a great deal," but we don't show it. We sit on our perches and imagine we are expressing all sorts of emotions, but as a matter of fact we are doing no such thing. Our excitement is taken inwardly; inwardly we feel as much as the French do, perhaps more; but we do not give that extraordinarily graphic description of what is passing in our minds which makes a Frenchman's account of even trivial events so dramatic. Therefore I consider that the gesticulation on the French stage, which is supposed to be so wonderful and so charming, is merely the result of a difference in national temperament. With us it is more art than nature: with them it is more nature than art. As animated gesticulation is more difficult of attainment by English actors, it ought, when we do see it, to be estimated doubly highly from an art point of view. But there is another reason why we pay less attention to the small details of gesture. English audiences are so totally different from French audiences. I remember going to see a play called '*Les Danischeff*,' where one of the greatest actresses, Madame Favart, played the part of the mother. She was a *grande dame*, and came on the stage with two attendants, a parrot and a dog. For a long time she held her audience by little remarks, such as "my son has arrived in Paris. Pleasant society there. I was there myself in my youth. I enjoyed it immensely"—then to the parrot, "you darling,"—and so she went on; she just played with her little bits of lace on her dress—put her rings straight—arranged her bracelets—took her lace pocket-handkerchief up and sprinkled a little scent, fanned herself, played with the dog, conversed with the parrot,

spoke of the political intrigue that was going on in Russia. There was not any action, any "play"; but the artist arrested the attention of the audience, who sat listening eagerly to nothings exquisitely delivered.

An English audience would have grown impatient; they would have said, "There is nothing going on, there is no conversation, there is no narrative, there is no action."

French audiences will listen attentively to long duologues, or even monologues; witness the monologue in 'Don Cæsar de Bazan,' and that oration of Charles V. to the tombs of his fathers in 'Hernani.' When I heard it, it was magnificently delivered by M. Worms. It lasted—my gracious! how long it lasted! Nothing took place, the actor was surrounded by tombs; a dark scene, a beautiful soliloquy in verse, and the audience listened to the music of their own language, delivered by an elocutionist whom to hear was a delight.

Now an English audience must have action. The eye must be pleased or the ears tickled, there must be some strong appeal to the senses. You must gratify the eye by spectacle, or the ear by an equivoque, some such devices are indispensable. In France you hear two or three men and women discuss some political question or society question of the day for twenty minutes or half an hour, as they do for instance in the play of 'Le Monde où l'on s'ennui.' Such is the difference between an English and a French public.

I have often been asked whether actors who play minor parts conspicuously well spring suddenly into more prominent positions. The question reminds me of an incident which occurred in a play by Arthur Sketchley, the well-known author of the "Mrs. Brown" series. He had written a three-act drama called 'Blanche,' which my husband and I, on tour at the time, were playing at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The plot was taken from an old French drama, and consisted of a woman being falsely accused of poisoning her husband. It was very hard work, I remember, for three acts for every one in the play. In the last scene, when the villain steps forward and denounces the heroine with the words, "You poisoned your husband. I saw you put the poison in the glass at such and such a time," a black man-servant comes forward and says "Liar!" I am sorry to say that this was the only occasion for genuine applause throughout the play. So great was the success of the minor actor, that he immediately jumped into a most prominent

position in the provinces and became a leading man. Whether he has kept his position till now I do not know, for I have lost sight of him.

Many actors have established reputations by playing small parts only, and by playing them so well that, of course, being known for a particular style of acting, they are engaged solely for the kind of parts that suits their peculiar personalities. In this way they sometimes establish a good reputation, and are really more valuable than some persons in greater positions. As to the income they can earn, it is hard to lay down a general rule. There are men in our profession, and women too, who have played subordinate parts, and who, when fitted physically and artistically for them, are worth their weight in gold. They earn an extremely large sum of money while they have an engagement, but the engagement is so precarious and breakable, according to the arrangement,—whether it be for the play, which may or may not be a success, or for whatever time it may be. In a bank, when a man has once arrived at being the manager, he gets so many hundreds a year, and it goes on until he dies or does something unworthy of the trust of his employers. We actors and actresses are but “creatures of the hour,” and, if we do not make money while before the public, we certainly make nothing when we are hidden from their admiring eyes.

Perhaps you want to know whether there have been any public favourites who never could really fill a prominent position or take a leading part in a play, but who have made a small part famous? I think I may safely say that there have not, because, directly a man has made a success, he immediately gets on, and on, and on. There is no station at which you take the train “for ever” in our profession. You see the man who made his reputation by the one word “Liar” did not go on lying—he jumped. On the other hand there is no difficulty in finding actors to take small parts, the difficulty is to know whom to refuse nowadays. All these matters are easily arranged. There is no difficulty in anything when you are down in the world, difficulties only begin when you rise to a position. As long as you are a nobody, you hurt nobody, and therefore you are a charming person and all right. It is when you are in a position, when others want that position, and when, if they cannot say one thing against you, they wish to devise something else, that difficulty comes in.

(To be continued.)

Books and Book-buying.

I HARDLY know whether to lament or rejoice over the enormous dispersion of old Libraries which has taken place during the last few years. On the one hand, the natural conservatism of the English mind compels regret that the books which have cost so much time and trouble in the collection, and have doubtless afforded such intense interest to the collector, should be sent forth (to borrow the touching words of Lord Crawford in his Preface to the sale of the second portion of his Library) "to battle for new homes and hearths." On the other hand, it is well to remember that the accumulation of valuable books in the hands of individual owners for a great length of time is so much knowledge kept from the world at large, and that the dissemination of that knowledge through a hundred different channels can hardly fail to be more or less generally useful, and to stimulate literary research and enquiry which the want of fresh supplies would discourage and diminish. From this point of view, I cannot share in the regret which I sometimes hear expressed, that so many of our good books find their way to America. On the contrary, I think it is a subject for great satisfaction that our American cousins should delight in acquiring English books, and should show their appreciation of our literature by the practical method of paying highly for good and old editions of English works. It is a proof that they value the tie of blood and kindred which exists between themselves and us, that they consider themselves to have a claim to a share of the pride which we feel in our great authors, and desire to possess and preserve memorials of the old country to which no other nation has so good a right.

Wherever the books have gone, there is no doubt of the fact, either of the quantity or quality of those which have been brought under the hammer within seven years past. I take

that period because it comprises the years during which I have amused myself in the collection of a library, chiefly relating to English Topography, and have consequently paid some attention to the sales which have taken place. In dealing with these sales, there is nothing more remarkable at first sight than the different prices obtained for the same books in different libraries. I say "at first sight," because, when the matter is investigated a little more closely, it will be found that the particular edition, the binding and the condition of the books go a long way to account for the variety in price. I have seen valuable books brought into the market, immensely depreciated in value from the fact of having been kept in damp rooms. The accumulation of dust also, especially London dust, is hurtful to books, and a glance round the volumes arranged for any coming sale at Sotheby's will soon tell an experienced eye whether they have been well cared for or neglected, in which latter case rubbed backs, broken bindings, &c., soon pull down the value even of a good edition of a good book.

As a matter of curiosity, I have analysed ten of the noteworthy sales which have occurred during the time of which I write.

Name of Sale.	Year.	No. of Days' Sale.	No. of Lots.	Amount realized.			Average price per Lot.		
				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1. Beckford sale . . .	1882) 1883)	40	9,837	73,551	18	0	7	9	6
2. Towneley sale . . .	1883	8	2,815	4,616	0	0	1	12	9
3. Stourhead sale . . .	1883	8	1,971	10,028	6	6	5	1	9
4. Gosford sale . . .	1884	11	3,363	11,318	5	6	3	7	3
5. Osterley Park sale . . .	1885	8	1,937	13,007	9	0	6	14	3½
6. Hartley sale . . .	1885-6	20	5,057	14,895	13	6	2	18	10½
7. Sir T. Phillipps' sale . . .	1886	8	3,346	2,200	15	0	13	2	
8. Aylesford sale . . .	1888	9	1,983	10,574	14	0	5	6	7
9. Thornhill sale . . .	1889	2	410	2,030	6	0	4	19	0
10. Buccleuch sale . . .	1889	3	1,012	3,702	16	0	3	13	2
			31,731	145,926	2	6	4	13	3

My statement as to the variety of price will be fully sustained by the above figures ; but there is something more to be said to account for that variety, and a casual glance at the list may easily mislead as to the value of the books in any particular library. The arrangement of the Catalogue has to be taken into account ; in some catalogues many lots include several books, whilst, in another, single volumes may be the order of the day,

which has, of course, an appreciable bearing upon the value of each lot. Then, again, there are books which are sold "with all faults," upon which the wise buyer looks with a suspicious eye, as this description precludes him from returning his purchase if he should find imperfections in any or all of the lots so purchased. As a general rule, a good collector will not admit into his library any book which is not perfect, and, if he buys one which is "not subject to return," he is in the position of the man who buys a horse without warranty, and must run the risk. That necessarily diminishes the market value of the book. There are, of course, exceptions to the "general rule"; one, when the book happens to be one of which absolutely perfect copies are almost impossible to get, and another, when the book itself is so rare, that if a man waits for a perfect copy he will probably go without any copy to the end of his days. Then, again, what *is* a perfect book? A collector of British topographical books appeals to his 'Upcott' and 'Lowndes,' invaluable assistants to the searcher after perfect volumes. Upcott is especially particular and minute in his account and description of books. He gives the titles, half-titles, engravings, contents, number of pages in each volume, and even down to the misplacing of pages, so carefully, that if the volume corresponds with his description it is tolerably certain to be perfect. There are some books, indeed, notably Nichol's great 'History of Leicestershire,' and Blomfield's 'History of Norfolk,' of which it is almost impossible to obtain a copy perfect, according to Upcott. I have examined many copies and found some one or more imperfections, though often immaterial, in all. But the worst part of the story is, that although Upcott is delightfully minute, and Lowndes exceedingly accurate and useful, the book of the former was published in 1818, and that of the latter in 1834. Consequently there are a large number of topographical works of a later date, of which the two authors I have named knew nothing and could say nothing. It would be a valuable service to the topographical literary world if some successor to these two authors should arise, and carry on the account of British topographical works down to the present time. The taste for writing small works relating to local topography seems to be on the increase, but, so far as I can see, it is highly improbable that any more—certainly not many—large County histories will appear. A supplementary work to those of Upcott and Lowndes would be certainly a somewhat arduous

undertaking, but it would be of great interest, and would supply a want which increases with every new topographical publication.

While speaking of the price of books, one must not forget that competition forms an important factor in the determination of price. This seems a self-evident proposition; but the meaning which I intend to convey is that there is a great variation in competition, which causes a natural and corresponding variation in the prices. This is easily understood when one considers the character of an auction, and the different classes of bidders and buyers. These may be roughly divided into three separate categories. First are to be named the booksellers and agents who have received commissions, general or specific, to bid for customers. If a would-be buyer employs one of these gentlemen, the usual practice is to pay him ten per cent. upon the price given. I have heard of more being charged; but this is the legitimate price, and fair enough when all things are considered. If the buyer has been wise enough to select a bookseller of standing and position, who is himself habitually a large purchaser of books, he gains several distinct advantages. In the first place, he takes out of the field a probable competitor who might otherwise oppose him; in the next place, if, as is sometimes the case, he is obliged to bid for books by the catalogue, without having been able to see them, he has the advantage of his agent's personal inspection and judgment, and in any event he saves time and personal trouble to an appreciable extent. Moreover, I am bound to say, that there is a perhaps not unnatural desire on the part of some of the professional bidders for books to prevent an amateur from securing "good bargains," which points to the desirability of his proceeding in what these gentlemen consider the proper and legitimate manner by employing an agent. It has been observed to me that, inasmuch as the payment is according to the price given, it is the interest of the agent that a large price should be given in order that his percentage may be higher upon the transaction. At first sight this would appear to be the case, and of course there are honest and dishonest men in all trades, but I can only say that my experience has been on the side of honesty. I have bought many hundred pounds' worth of books through an agent, and have over and over again found that he has purchased them for less than half the price to which I had authorized him to go. Of course it is easy to suppose collusion between two

or more men to "run up" the price of a book for their own purposes ; but, as a rule, I believe that the bidding at the great book sales is as honest and straightforward a proceeding as in any auction sales that can be named.

Besides the booksellers who hold commissions, there is a second category which consists of those who buy on their own account, hoping, and being very often able, to realize a fair and sometimes a large profit on their purchases. As a rule, however, I think the better class of books generally fetch nearly their full value, inasmuch as that value is pretty well known to the booksellers, none of whom is inclined to let a trade-rival have a lot much below the price at which he knows it can be easily resold. Risks and speculations there must be, and sometimes a good book is sold at a cheap rate ; but this is the exception and not the rule, and generally happens at some small sale where such a book accidentally turns up among a lot of "rubbish." The third category of bidders and buyers comprises the amateurs, who like to bid for themselves. As a rule they pay for their pastime, for the professional buyer soon "spots" the amateur, and the latter has to calculate whether he saves his commission, or pays a sum which covers it, by bidding for himself. A curious incident once happened to me in relation to this practice. I chanced to stroll into the room where a book was selling for which I had authorized my agent to bid £12 12s., which, with the ten per cent., would have been £13 17s. He had very properly stopped bidding at my limit, and the book was just about to be knocked down at £13 5s., when I gave one bidding for myself, and got it at £13 10s., or 7s. less than I should have given if I had bought it through the agent. Of course there are men who leave price entirely to the bookseller they employ, which doubtless may very often be done with impunity, but which, if I were a bookseller, I should very much dislike. It is better to give a limit, even if it be a very wide one, else such mistakes may occur as happened ten years ago at Lord Farnham's sale at Sotheby's. There was a book entitled 'The Brights of Suffolk, England,' published for private distribution in Boston (U.S.) by an American gentleman who desired to commemorate his descent from the English family whose name he bore. It was an interesting book enough, and had cost the author (as he tells us in his dedication to his daughter) "many hours of wearisome labour, while tracing the footprints of his ancestors in England." But to the general

public it was of no great value, and a couple of pounds at the outside would have been the price for this octavo volume, "with plates and pedigrees, clean, brown morocco, red edges." However, two agents had been employed to bid without limit, and they actually ran the volume up to £25 before the hammer fell. The same copy was afterwards sold for £2 10s. at the sale of the second portion of the Hartley Library in 1886. The extraordinary price given at Lord Farnham's sale was accidentally the cause of my buying a very clean good copy of this book for £2 6s.

At Colonel Chester's sale at Sotheby's in April 1883, the Farnham incident was given—or rather the price at which the book had then been sold was stated—in the catalogue, and casually hearing the bidding hanging at £2 4s. *od.*, I made one bid, not knowing anything of the book, and somewhat to my surprise, secured it. Curiously enough, when I came to look into the book I found that one of the ancestral relations claimed by the author is one concerning whom I have a similar claim, namely Mary Waters, daughter of Robert Waters of Lenham, Kent, and Katherine Bright. This lady married Robert Honywood of Charing, afterwards of Marks Hall, Essex, who is stated on her tombstone to have been her only husband. Furthermore it is stated that she "had at her decease lawfully descended from her, three hundred three score and seven children, 16 of her own bodie, 114 grandchildren, 228 in the third generation, and 9 in the fourth." She died at Marks Hall at the age of 93, in the year 1620, having been married in 1543 at the early age of 16. This is the lady of whom we are told in 'Fuller's Worthies of England,' that "falling at one time in a low, desponding state of mind, she was impressed with the idea that she should be damned; and exclaiming in a paroxysm of the malady, "I shall be damned as sure as that glass is broken!" at the same time she threw on a marble slab a glass she held in her hand; but the glass did not break." "However," says Fuller, "the gentlewoman took no comfort thereat, but continued a great time after in her former disconsolate condition." I may remark that the glass referred to in this story was kept for many years in the Honywood family, and at last broken by one of them at the beginning of this century, whilst showing it to visitors.* This reference to Mrs. Honywood of Marks Hall made

* There is a story akin to that of Mrs. Honywood and the glass, which I have never seen in print. I inherited from my Hugessen ancestors various

the book all the more interesting to me, but neither this, nor anything else than the mistake of giving a commission without limit, could have brought it up to the price which it fetched at Lord Farnham's sale.

As to variations in price, the ten sales which I have given as

old books, of which one was a large folio—Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.' Upon the blank sheet, immediately after the picture of the author, the following is written in cramped, but tolerably clear, handwriting. I transcribe the page as it stands.

E. LIBRIS GULIELMI HUGESSEN,

Anno d^m 1705.

A Letter relating to a Particular and most amazing Circumstance concerning the illustrious Earl of Strafford, transcribed from the original letter to a Lady of that worthy Family, written by Dean Crelly (?) affirm'd in a most Solemn manner by Jones, one of the Companie.

To be carefully bound with this book.

MADAM,

A little after my Lord's death, there fortun'd to meet at the Cross-Keys Tavern in the Strand, five Gentlemen of good qualitie : and my Lord, who was the only Subject of all discourse, afforded them them argument of conversing together : four of them (namely Mr. Lambert, Ffloyd, Jones and a nameless Gentleman) spoke with extream violence and bitterness against my Lord, insomuch after general unjust and uncharitable speeches, the conclusion of that discourse was these words of Lambert ; "the Earl of Strafford lived like a villain, and dyed like an Hypocrite." The first gentleman, Mr. Harris, a papist, replied to these words thus : "I will not take on me to justify the Earl of Strafford's life, since he was judged by the greatest Court of the Kingdom, but for his death t'is acknowledged by all to have been a most holy, pious and Christian-like death ; and I doe not doubt at all but he is now in Heaven." Hereupon Lambert with great furie rejoynes thus : "Talke no more, Harris ; the Earl of Strafford is as certainly damn'd as this glass is broken,"—and with much violence and furie throws the wine-glass (of a small boat-fashion) against the wall, from whence it bounded up to the top of the Roome, falling down to the window, and thence to the ground without breaking. The Drawer took up the glass and delivered it to Lambert, saying, "Sir, the glass is whole :—" Lambert answered "Sure it is," confused ; and with that lett it falle on the floore, where it broke in many pieces. This is the true storie, madam, as it was told by a first person (not of the Company) to Mr. Chillingworth, an honest and learned Divine, who with his friend repaired to Mr. Jones, who repeated all the particulars to him, concluding, "Sir, upon my Salvation this is true, and soe I pray you report it." From him Mr. Chillingworth went to the Tavern, who desiring to see the roome could not, it being taken up with Companie, but was assured by the Master of the House and Drawer then present that all those particulars were true. After he had accounted these things to me, I went with him to the Tavern, where the Master and Drawer repeated the same passages over again, showing us all the places where the glass struck against the wall, cieling, window and ground. This, madam, is the true storie concerning that particular.

*S George Radcliff's House
near ye gatehouse Westminster
15 Feby. 1641.*

(Signed)

HU CRELLY.

FINIS.

examples will on further analysis show some curious instances. I have selected sixteen well-known books, copies of which were sold at several of these sales, and placed them in a list, by a glance at which their variations in price may be seen. Sir Thomas Phillipps' sale ought perhaps to have been excluded from this list, as on looking closely into the catalogue and results of this sale, I find that many of the books were imperfect, and cannot therefore be fairly compared with the perfect copies in other sales. This of course accounts for the lowness of the average price in this sale, and affords an example of the deceitfulness of "averages," since the Phillipps' low average materially brings down the average of the whole ten, which would otherwise be a tolerably fair criterion of general value. The Towneley books were old and not uniformly in good condition, but this (so far as averages are concerned) is balanced by the exceptionally fine binding and good condition of the Beckford books, which, added to the rarity of some of them, brought the average out at a high figure. To those who are curious in the matter, the list given in the Table on the next page will be of some interest.

It is curious to trace some of the books in later sales, and to note their relative prices. Of Ashmole's 'Order of the Garter,' I only find one small-paper copy sold in 1887-8 at a "miscellaneous" sale at Puttick and Simpson's. It fetched £3 2s. 6d. A large-paper copy sold for £11 in the Hildyard sale in June of the present year. Atkyn's 'Gloucestershire' was sold in 1887 at Cooper's sale for £21, and at Brice's sale for £39; whilst in 1888 a copy was sold at the Wimpole Library sale for £27. The later edition of this work (1768) only fetches as a rule about £10, and I have seen it sold for less. It does not contain the portrait of the author, which is in the first edition, and, being less rare, is consequently in less request.

According to Mr. Gray's 'Book-prices current' for 1887 and 1888, no copy of the best edition of 'Chauncy's Hertfordshire' seems to have come into the market in the former year, and besides the Aylesford copy, only one in the latter year, which had been re-backed, and sold for £11 5s. 0d. at the Beresford-Hope sale. This book, though by no means as complete and minute a history as the more modern production of Clutterbuck, is a good, interesting and accurate volume, and if in fair condition, always maintains its price. The same may be said of Drake's 'Eboracum,' the best of the many histories of York. Apart

Books.	Beckford Sale.	Towneley.	Stourhead.	Gosford.	Osterley.	Hartley.	Phillipps.	Aylesford.	Thornhill.	Buccleuch.
Ashmole's 'Order of the Garter,' large paper.	£ s. d. 20 10 0	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. 19 0 0	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. 5 5 0	£ s. d. ...	£ s. d. 6 5 0	£ s. d. 3 9 0	£ s. d. ...
" " small paper.	6 15 0	...	3 6 0	4 7 6	1 11 0
Atkyn's 'Gloucestershire' (1712)	52 0 0	...	38 0 0	33 0 0	...	38 0 0	5 10 0 very imperfect.	33 0 0	29 0 0	...
Chauncy's 'Herts'	21 0 0	15 10 0	17 0 0	14 0 0	7 15 0	12 10 0	...	22 10 0	12 0 0	13 15 0
Drake's 'Eboracum,' large paper	63 0 0	...	27 0 0	32 0 0	23 0 0	32 0 0	27 0 0	...
" " small paper	11 0 0	9 5 0	...	12 0 0
Dugdale's 'Warwickshire,' 1st edition.	20 0 0	14 10 0	24 10 0	16 0 0	...	23 10 0	...	9 10 0	16 5 0	...
Yough's 'Sepulchral Monuments'	31 0 0	50 0 0	15 10 0	51 0 0	2 3 0 imperfect.	25 10 0	...	13 0 0 imperfect.
Peck's 'Stanford,' large paper	10 15 0	...	8 10 0	2 18 0	...	2 2 0	1 12 0	...
Plot's 'Oxfordshire,' large paper	8 15 0	4 4 0	...	3 6 0	4 4 0	14 0
" " small paper	1 16 0	3 15 0	...	2 12 0	...	10 0 imperfect.
Plot's 'Staffordshire,' large paper	40 10 0	...	48 0 0	32 0 0	10 15 0	21 0 0	...	6 10 0	12 5 0	11 10 0
Sandford's 'Genealogical History,' ed. 1677 .	9 7 6	...	6 0 0
" " ed. 1707 .	9 2 6	5 0 0	...	14 10 0	2 15 0	12 0 0	...	2 8 0	9 15 0	2 2 0
Thoroton's 'Nottingham,' 1677	14 10 0	26 10 0	15 5 0	12 0 0	...	12 0 0	...	8 10 0
Tanner's 'Notitia Monastica,' 1787	6 6 0	7 5 0	8 5 0	1 11 0	...	2 10 0	4 10 0
Todd's 'History of College of Bonhommes' .	5 12 0	7 0 0	...	3 3 0	...	3 3 0
Warner's 'Glastonbury'	5 5 0	...	3 10 0	3 0 0	...	2 12 0	...	1 3 0
Warner's 'Hants,' large paper	23 0 0	...	25 10 0	...	29 0 0
" " small paper	9 15 0	14 15 0	4 6 0	...
White's 'Selbourne,' 1st edition	8 5 0	1 8 0	3 15 0

from the Aylesford sale, I find only six small-paper (and no large-paper) copies in the catalogues of 1887-8, and these sold at prices ranging from £5 (Sykes' sale) to £7 10s. *od.* (Dr. Thompson's sale), save the Beresford-Hope copy, which for some reason not disclosed by the catalogue sold only for two guineas. I may remark that in Mr. Hildyard's sale this year already referred to, a good large-paper copy, in old gilt *russia*, fetched £11 10s. *od.*, and also that at Mr. Perkin's sale during July, a fine copy of this work, "inlaid in 6 volumes, and most extensively illustrated with Portraits, views, and a few Drawings, *russia extra*," sold for no less than £60. This copy was stated to have belonged to the unfortunate Mr. Fauntleroy. The first edition of Dugdale's 'Warwickshire' (1656), was sold in 1887 for £6 10s. *od.* at Sir William Hardy's sale, and £11 at "a nobleman's sale;" whilst in 1888 it fetched £10 at "a miscellaneous sale," and £6 5s. *od.* at the sale of the Wimpole Library; a copy, "slightly stained," fetched £7 at Hildyard's sale. About £10 is a fair price for a good copy of this edition, whilst that of 1730 (two volumes) fetches double the money, or thereabouts. I do not find any perfect copy of Gough's 'Sepulchral Monuments,' Peck's 'Stanford,' or Plot's 'Oxfordshire,' in 1887-8, save one of the last-named book in the "Wimpole Library" sale, which fetched one guinea. Plot's 'Staffordshire' also was scarce in these years, and the only copy I find was in the Whatman sale, where a large-paper copy, "in old calf gilt," was bought by Quaritch for only £7. I gave £21 for my copy, which was in the third portion of the Hartley sale. I could never quite make out how it got there, among a number of miscellaneous books and prints, instead of having been with the topographical books which formed the greater part of the first portion of the sale. There it was, however, "in handsome crimson morocco, with bands and rich gilding on back, edges and borders," and such a beautiful volume, that I did not for a moment regret the price. The 1677 edition of Sandford's book, which Lowndes tells us, "is valued by some as containing the best impressions of the plates," was sold in 1887-8 for £1 1s. *od.* at the Bennett and Cookesley sale, and £1 8s. *od.* at a miscellaneous sale; whilst Lord Crawford's copy of the 1707 edition fetched £6 12s. 6*d.*—no other perfect copies in those years. Tanner's 'Notitia Monastica' was sold in 1887 for £5 in the sale of "a gentleman's" library, for £1 16s. *od.* in Bennett and Cookesley's sale, and for £4 in the Whatman sale; whilst in 1888 the same book fetched

£5 10s. *od.* at Gibson-Craig's sale and £3 8s. *od.* at the Wimpole Library sale; whilst a copy with the binding broken fetched £3 5s. *od.* at Sir Theodore Brinckman's sale in the same year. The only copy of Thoroton's 'Nottinghamshire' during the two years was in the Wimpole Library sale, and fetched £11. Todd's 'College of Bonhommes' fetched £5 10s. *od.* at the Gibson-Craig sale; a copy "half-bound" sold for £1 at Fane's sale; and at Hirst's sale a copy in half-morocco realized £1 14s. *od.* No large-paper copies of Warner's 'Hants,' and no copies at all of his 'Glastonbury,' seem to have come into the market since 1886; but four small-paper copies of his 'Hants' have been sold, for £6 5s. *od.*, £5 10s. *od.*, £8 12s. *od.* and £11 respectively, at the (Sir Thomas) Hardy, Harefield, Whatman and Walford sales. It is by no means a perfect or exhaustive history, but somewhat rare, and always fetches a good price if in tolerable condition. The first edition of White's 'Selbourne' sold for £2 8s. *od.* at the Bleasdel, £1 8s. *od.* at General Phillips, and £2 at Sir Theodore Brinckman's sale, and this concludes the story of the sixteen books of which my list consists. It will be understood that these have not been selected on account of their special merit or value, but as fair examples of the variations in price which happen at auction sales to books of average price and in tolerable demand.

There are some books which always fetch a long price either from their merit or their rarity, that price being varied only by their binding or condition. For instance, Gould's 'Birds of Australia' fetched £280 in the Beckford sale, "7 vols. green morocco super extra, borders of gold, tooled leather joints, gilt edges, beautifully coloured plates, uncut 1848. Supplement, 5 parts, unbound, coloured plates 1851." At the Gosford sale an "original subscriber's copy," also in green morocco extra, but with only parts 1, 2, 4 and 5 of the Supplement, fetched £200. At the Hartley sale, 8 volumes, bound by Bedford in dark green morocco, also an original subscriber's copy, sold for £220; and the same amount was obtained for the Aylesford copy, also 8 volumes bound in green morocco extra. Another copy was sold by Messrs. Hodgson for £212 in 1887, a half-bound copy; 7 volumes with only 600 of the coloured plates was bought by Quaritch for £136 at Wheble's sale at Puttick and Simpson's in 1888; whilst in the same year Sotheran gave £150 for 8 volumes, with the Supplement in parts, at Lee's sale at Christie's. The most expensive of the County histories is Nichol's 'History of Leicestershire,' of which the Towneley copy in "brown morocco

extra, leather joints, &c.," fetched £235; the Stourhead copy "in russia extra," £230; and the Gosford copy, in crimson morocco extra, £275. Before these sales, Mr. Comerford's copy had fetched £280. In Mr. Leonard Hartley's extensive topographical collection there was no perfect copy of this book. In 1887 a copy "from Mr. Hartley's Library" was sold for £100, and in 1888 a copy in the Brinckman sale fetched £115, and a half-bound (russia) copy went for £75 in the Aylesford sale.

Another book which always fetches a good price is 'Purchase his Pilgrimes,' 5 vols. folio, 1625-1626. The Beckford copy in calf fetched £63; the Gosford copy in crimson morocco, £82; a special copy at Brice's sale, in morocco extra, £73; Lord Crawford's copy in russia, £60; and the Osterley copy in old calf, £48. Besides these, in 1887-8 there were several imperfect copies sold, *i.e.* the Brinckman copy, £32; the Meysey-Thompson copy, £27 5s. *od.*; Lord Leigh's copy, £25 10s. *od.*; and the copies at the Randall and General Phillips' sale, £19 and £15 respectively. The price in each case indicates the amount of imperfection in the copy, some copies being very slightly imperfect. Those who care only for the letter-press of these good books, and are not buying with the view of acquiring a perfect volume for their libraries, may get their copy at a comparatively small price by looking after these "imperfect" copies, the imperfection often consisting of the absence of a couple of plates, or something else which does not affect the matter contained in the volume. I gave £50 for my copy, an excellent one, in calf, at the Duke of Buccleuch's sale of duplicate books in March of the present year. Another purchase which I made at the same sale affords an excellent example of the variations in the price of books. There was a time when the works of Thomas Hearne—published between 1701 and 1736—were in great request. Chalmers tell us in his 'Biographical Dictionary' (1814) that "even in his own time his works rose very much in price, and it is well known that of late years they have been among the most expensive articles brought to market, the best of them being beyond the reach of common purchasers." The books, however, have to some extent been superseded by more modern publications, and the same description would hardly be accurate to-day. Still they have a certain value, and any one who gave an order for them would find it difficult to obtain a complete set in good condition, and would certainly have to pay tolerably well for the same. It was therefore something of "a bargain" to obtain

for £80, as it was my good fortune to do, 56 volumes of these works, all on large paper, bound in "old red morocco extra, gold tooled, gilt edges," a set for which £423 had been given by the late Duke of Buccleuch.

Passing from individual books, I come back to my ten quoted sales, about which a few words may be interesting to book-lovers. The Beckford sale was a stupendous affair, the volumes sold having formed only a portion of the library—or rather libraries, at Hamilton Palace. The books were in splendid condition; the bindings were in many cases magnificent, and the prices given were large. Mr. Beckford not only collected, but read his books—and not only read them, but wrote notes in them, sometimes of a sarcastic and amusing character. I do not pretend to enter into a description of this collection of books, about which, indeed, a volume might be written. Out of the 6929 lots which were disposed of during the sale of the two first portions, I noted down at the time that upwards of 2000 lots were bought by Quaritch, at an aggregate price of over £26,000, which will give some idea of the magnitude of the operations of this firm. Mr. Quaritch is certainly a leviathan bidder, and his personal presence at a sale is always advantageous to the vendor, since he seems to have a natural dislike to seeing a good book go at a price below its real value.

The Towneley books were old, and, as I have already said, not in such good condition, but the library contained many interesting and valuable works.

The Stourhead sale was the dispersion of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's famous library, which Messrs. Sotheby described in their catalogue as comprising "probably the most choice collection of British topography ever formed," and which was certainly of great interest and value. The Stourhead books were in good condition, and fetched their value. There was a further clearing out of this library in December 1887, when 1313 more lots were sold, but the best of the books were in the first sale. The Gosford sale was conducted by Puttick and Simpson in Leicester Square, and contained a large number of County histories, as well as many Irish books, and a great variety of books of importance in one class or another. The Osterley Park sale, which, like that of the Duke of Buccleuch's, was the sale of duplicate and superfluous books by the fortunate possessor of more than one library, contained many good books, but few comparatively of a topographical character. This cannot be

said of the Hartley sale, which surpassed the Stourhead in the quantity if not in the quality of its topographical works, and was not far if at all behind in the latter element. Mr. Hartley was an indefatigable collector, and, like Mr. Beckford, was in the habit of writing—sometimes voluminously, and, not unfrequently, almost illegibly—in his books, which is a practice of at least doubtful wisdom. It is a good and useful plan to write in the first page of a book anything which relates to the history of the book itself. A successor to the library, or, if it should come to the hammer, a buyer, may like to learn where the volume was bought, what it sold for, what prices have been given for it at other times, and anything which shows speciality about the edition or the volume. But it is doubtful whether any future reader or buyer will think any more of the book on account of a quantity of notes, not always interesting and not always easily decipherable, scrawled on the tops and margins of the pages. They bear witness to the fact that the former owner has read the work, but they rarely interest a future owner, or add to the market value of the work. Mr. Hartley's sale by his executors, in obedience to an order of the Court of Chancery, was divided into Counties, from Bedfordshire to York, followed by the counties of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; then "General Topography;" and finally a mass of miscellaneous publications, mostly bearing upon topography. Every English county was represented at this sale; some of them by many volumes, and a rare opportunity was offered to the collector of a topographical library. The third and last portion of this collection was sold in April 1887; the sale lasted eight days, and 2937 lots sold for £1635 2s. *od.* I have not included this portion in my analysis of the ten sales, because so many manuscripts and papers were included in the sale, that it seemed hardly a book-sale proper. An incident occurred, by the by, at this sale, which showed the jealousy which some bidders allow themselves to entertain, and the way in which it occasionally recoils upon them. There were, on the fifth day of the sale, some thirty copies, in different lots, of the "Visitation of Suffolke, made by William Hervey, Clarenceux King of Arms, &c.; vol. i., cloth, uncut; vol. ii., sheets." I only wanted one copy for my library, but there was a dealer there who was determined to have them all. I let him have the first three copies for 15s. and 17s., the next for a pound, then £1 7s. *od.*, £1 10s. *od.*, £2 2s. *od.*, and four copies at £1 11s. *od.* each. No one else was bidding, and if he had let me

have one copy for about £1, he would probably have got nearly all the rest at a price not exceeding that amount. But as he was so obstinate, he had to pay from 5s. to 10s. per copy more than he otherwise would have done up to the fourteenth copy; by that time he had began to hesitate, and I bought the copy for £1 15s. *od.*, and knowing that my friend had made me pay nearly double what I should have had to pay without him, I gave a few friendly bids for the next dozen copies, for which he consequently had to pay £1 15s. *od.* or thereabouts per copy. I calculate that this determination to have all must have cost him £10 or £12 at the very least. I have already alluded to Sir Thomas Phillipps' sale in 1886, and to that of the Duke of Buccleuch in the present year. There only remain of my ten the Aylesford and Thornhill sales, the latter of which was remarkable for the number of good topographical books in so small a collection. The Aylesford sale, at Christie's, was full of interest, and singular in one respect that the prices, which ranged high during the first four days, fell considerably during the concluding days of the sale. On the first day, Anderson's 'House of Yvery,' in old calf, fetched £13. It had fetched £5 15s. *od.* at the Towneley sale, £11 (in red morocco), at the Stourhead, and £9 (old russia) at the Gosford sale. On the fourth day a copy of Gilbert's (Davies) 'Parochial History of Cornwall,' which book had been sold at the Stourhead sale for £3 6s. *od.*, went for £11 (though something must be laid to its purple morocco binding); and Hearne's 'Glastonbury,' a large-paper copy of which in red morocco sold for £4 4s. *od.* at the Towneley, and a small-paper copy in blue morocco extra, for £5 10s. *od.* at the Thornhill sale, fetched on the same fourth day of the Aylesford sale, £14 10s. *od.* When the tide turned, Hutton's works, "10 vols. in 9, calf gilt," went for £4, having fetched £5 13s. *od.* at Bates' sale at Sotheby's in 1886; Horsley's 'Britannia' (small-paper copy) went for £6 10s. *od.*, as against £10 10s. *od.* at the Hartley sale; Parson's (R.) 'Conference about the next Succession to the Crowne of England,' red morocco extra (a copy of which sold during the present year for £17), fetched only £1 12s. *od.*; and several other books sold at that which a buyer calls a "very reasonable," and a seller a "very poor" price. On the whole, however, the books sold fairly well, and many of these were very good copies. The ten sales which I have selected for analysis by no means comprise all the large or the best sales of the period. One

of the most important was the Earl of Crawford's sale in 1887, when 2149 lots realized £19,073 9s. 6d. A second portion of this library has been sold this year; when 1105 lots fetched £7324 4s. 6d.; so that the two sales comprised 3254 lots, and fetched £26,397 14s., or an average of £8 2s. 3d. per lot, a higher average than that obtained in any sale I have enumerated. This is to be accounted for by the rarity and consequent value of many of the books, this library being one of the largest and finest in Great Britain. How absolutely misleading is the plan of giving "averages" may be shown from the fact that in the first portion of this sale were twenty lots, each of which fetched more than £100, ten of them fetching over £200 each, one £500, one over £1000 and one over £2000. These three last lots were (1) the "Block Book, Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis, printed in wooden blocks, the cuts printed in colours and the xylographic text in brown ink; bound up with other matter, printed and manuscript, in the old oak boards, stamped leather, brass corners, bosses and clasps, sine ulla nota, circa 1430, folio," which fetched £500; (2) "Biblia Sacra Latina," 2 vol. 1st ed. morocco, gt. edge, by Derome, 1462, which fetched £1025, and the famous 'Gutenberg' Bible, "circa 1450-58," which sold for £2650. Mr. Quaritch was the purchaser of all three lots, as of the greater part of the rare collection of Bibles which appeared in this portion of the sale. The second portion included 14 lots which reached, and some considerably exceeded, £100, the highest price given being £400 for the 'Coin Catalogues;' whilst, among the number of rare liturgies which formed an attractive feature in the sale, the "Missale Mixtum et Breviarum secundum Regulam Beati Isidori dictum Mozarabes (cura Alfonsi Ortiz) cum calendario" sold for £370. The best Caxton ('Cicero on old Age') went for £320, and £305 was the price of the 'Budeus,' which Lord Crawford's preface describes as "a triumph of art produced for Diane de Poitiers by Le Fauchaux." Space forbids me further to particularize this sale, full of literary gems, and deserving of a much more minute notice by a more skilful pen. I must also omit or postpone the further and closer consideration of the works on British Topography with which I had intended to deal, but which would require an article to itself, and cannot therefore be dealt with at present.

BRABOURNE.

The Railways of Scotland.



II.—THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

WE saw last month that universal and ubiquitous competition was the leading characteristic of the Scotch railway system. We saw too that the earliest lines were built without any thought of such conditions, merely for local traffic ; that, for instance, in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, there were, on the north side of the Clyde alone, six independent companies ; and that when, some twenty years later, the idea of through traffic first emerged, even then the railway magnates of the day contemplated nothing more than a series of allied companies forming separate links in a continuous chain ; and that accordingly, to take one example, the main high road from Carlisle to Aberdeen was divided into Caledonian, Scottish Central, Scottish Midland, and Aberdeen Line territory. Similarly what is now the North British began—even confining ourselves to its main lines—as half-a-dozen separate companies. The Edinburgh and Berwick needed the alliance of the Edinburgh and Glasgow to bring it on to the west ; that of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, to give it access to the north ; while the Waverley route between Edinburgh and Carlisle was originally two separate systems, which met at Hawick. The great North of Scotland is the result of almost as many amalgamations as it to-day has branches ; while the ‘Highland’ has absorbed the Inverness and Ross-shire, the Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland’s, and the Sutherland and Caithness, into a single company, which—in length of line at least—is the equal of the Midland, the superior of the North-Western, and the inferior only of the Great Western Railway.

For practical purposes in all Scotland to-day there are only five companies. Four of them have been mentioned above ; the fifth is the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. There

is indeed a sixth, the City of Glasgow Union Company. But though it is known to the Stock Exchange as possessing a capital of £1,500,000 sterling, and to engineers as having a mileage of $6\frac{3}{4}$ miles to be maintained, *Bradshaw* is ignorant of it, for it does not own a single engine or a single carriage, and has never yet run a train of its own. It is really a short line round the south and south-east of Glasgow, uniting the North British and South-Western systems, and worked entirely by those two companies. *Bradshaw*, however, does know of yet another company, the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire, the possessor—it cannot be said the happy possessor—of some thirty miles of single line across the barren South Ayrshire moors. But of this little line, which till recently was worked by the South-Western, more anon. It deserves notice, not only as an almost unique instance of a semi-absorbed undertaking escaping final deglutition, but also for the pluck and energy with which it is at present struggling against an unkind fate.

Meanwhile let us admit that the existence of—with this exception—but five railways in all Scotland, the smallest of them with over 300 miles of line, is a testimony to the business-like capacity of the Scotch mind. From the Humber to the shores of Cardigan Bay, and from Yarmouth Beach to the bed of the Mersey, England is strewn with the wrecks of the luckless little companies which—oblivious of the old adage as to the fate of earthen pots which swim down the stream alongside of brazen vessels—have been shattered to pieces in the vain attempt to compete with the overwhelming forces of their great rivals. Company after company in England has raised capital from confiding investors, on the faith of a prospectus showing that it could offer a route between A. and B. shorter by so many miles than the existing roads. The statement may have been mathematically accurate, but was really beside the point, unless it could be supplemented by evidence to show that the traffic was likely to follow the shortest road.

Take a familiar instance. A new direct line from Reading to Bath would shorten the distance between Paddington and the West of England some 14 miles. A prospectus, which laid stress on this fact, and then went on to describe the vast volume of traffic that flows to and fro between London and Bristol, would have a very enticing appearance at first sight. But the question to ask of the promoters would be: "What reason have you to suppose that you will be able to divert the existing

traffic? The Great Western road of course is longer, but it is all their own; it is their agents who canvass in Bristol, in Plymouth, and in London for the traffic which will be loaded at either end into trucks which are theirs; why do you expect that they will suffer it to pass out of their own control in order to swell the receipts of a 'foreign' line? If you say that you will get your share of the traffic handed to the Great Western by other companies, are you not equally mistaken? Will the North-Western, for example, care to secure the friendship, or fear to rouse the hostility of the Reading and Bath Direct? If they were to offend the Great Western, it might be a serious matter; tens of thousands of pounds' worth of traffic which that great company now hands to them, might in this case be diverted to the Midland or the Great Northern. What bribe have you to offer to induce the North-Western to run this risk?" To such a string of questions the most sanguine promoter would find it difficult to furnish a satisfactory answer.

The truth is that there are only two conditions under which a small railway company can be a success. Either it must have a sharply defined district of its own in which the traffic is wholly or mainly local. Examples of this may be found in lines such as the Metropolitan among passenger railways, and the Taff Vale, or the Maryport and Carlisle, among mineral lines. Or, on the other hand, it must be the possessor of a necessary link in a through chain of communication. The Lancaster and Carlisle paid 10 per cent. for years; the Salisbury and Yeovil was yet more profitable to the fortunate farmers who had money and faith at a time when these two valuable possessions were more than usually wanting to the South-Western directorate. But the Lancaster and Carlisle and the Salisbury and Yeovil have long since been bought up—high though their terms were—by the great lines in whose territory they formed an *enclave*, and their day returns not. The primary lines of communication have all long since been formed, and the investing public seem at length to have begun to apprehend the fact that, where it is a question of supplying what might be termed secondary communications, the natural authority to supply them is the company whose system they lie in with. If it can construct the new line with a fair chance of profit, it is not likely to hold its hand; if the company itself cannot make the new venture pay, still less can outsiders.

Of railways of the Reading and Bath Direct order Scotland

has none ; with the natural result that there is not in all Scotland a pound's worth of railway capital not receiving a dividend. On the other hand, competition is too severe to make it possible for any railway capital to earn dividends, not merely such as are paid by the Taff Vale or the Rhymney, but even by the rank and file of the great through lines of England. When it comes to spending between four and five millions sterling—as is being done by the companies which are responsible for the Forth Bridge and its new approaches—in order to get a somewhat larger share of the through traffic to Aberdeen and the Highlands, it can hardly be expected that even the most skilful and economical of managers will obtain any very magnificent dividend. Indeed there are those who think that the scramble for traffic, which next year must, it is supposed, witness, is by no means likely to add to the value of Scotch railway securities.

Far be it from me to attempt to describe the great Forth Bridge. It has been described too often, and the literature of the subject, what with popular articles, and papers in the Proceedings of scientific societies, not only English but foreign, has already grown to alarming dimensions. Besides, when Mr. Baker himself has given more than one account of the wonderful structure which his engineering genius planned, and his patience, aided by the mechanical genius of Mr. Arrol, has now all but executed, it is as well for outsiders to leave him to speak. Let me here merely jot down one or two personal impressions. For one thing I must confess to feeling that a close view of the bridge is somewhat disappointing. Its vastness is so complete and symmetrical throughout, that one fails to grasp it. Even the *Devastation*, as she lies moored close to the Inchgarvie pier, scarcely helps to furnish an adequate measuring-staff. The great ship seems dwarfed to a cock-boat and leaves the bridge no larger than before. The best idea of the size of the structure is obtained from a considerable distance. Seen from the train, as it glides down the slopes of the Pentlands into Princes Street Station, or from near Ratho on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, or again from the deck of the ferry steamer, as she crosses the Forth between Granton and Burntisland, the great steel towers appear to soar aloft far above the tops of the not inconsiderable hills by which they are surrounded. Only once did the size of the bridge as a whole—there is no question that the size of the individual members is ample enough—impress itself forcibly on my eye. Coming out of the Queensferry Station,

the whole length of the structure is full in view. My companion and myself stopped and questioned why no one was visible, and what was the reason that work had been suspended. As we got nearer, we found that everything was in full swing, workmen were clustered thick as flies all along the extremities of the cantilevers, but the flies were so small that they had been invisible.

When trains come to pass over the bridge, they will afford a convenient means of comparative measurement. Meanwhile there is nothing more instructive than a study of a large-sized model which has been erected in the pattern-shop in the Queen-ferry yard. The girders that carry the rails are there seen to bear about the same relation to the cantilevers which carry the weight of the structure itself that a straw bears to a stout walking-stick. A locomotive is not a small object when viewed under ordinary conditions; but a locomotive, modelled to scale, and shown crossing the bridge, produces much the same impression as a child's regiment of tin soldiers when marshalled on the nursery floor. On the same model is shown also an ingenious device to allow for the adjustment of the rails as the bridge expands or contracts with the changes of temperature. At certain intervals the rails, instead of being cut off square at the ends and fastened to each other by fish-plates in the ordinary fashion, are gradually tapered to a fine point, and over-lap each other for several feet, the length of the over-lap being greater or less according to the rise or fall of the thermometer.

Now that the bridge is practically completed, its peculiarity of construction is hardly so conspicuous as it was at an earlier period. A year or so back no one who looked at the three great piers towering up, 360 feet in sheer height above the sea, and a third of a mile apart from each other, and just beginning to reach out their huge arms on either side, could possibly have fancied that what he saw was an ordinary bridge, dependent for its support on the principle of the arch. But to-day the long arms stretching out from either shore, have so nearly met the yet longer arms extended to meet them from Inchgarvie in mid-stream, that at first sight the idea of the arch might naturally be suggested. For all that, of course, the Forth Bridge cantilevers have nothing in common with the ordinary arch. A cantilever is simply a bracket, and the principle of the bridge is merely that three huge towers, each the height of the dome of St. Paul's, have brackets over an eighth of a mile in length, projecting out from them on either

side. The brackets are steel tubes, big enough for a carriage and pair to drive through, rising from the base of the piers, meeting at their further end the horizontal girders along which the railway runs, and supported at the same point by equally huge steel bands stretching downwards from the top of the piers. Engineers describe the tubes as compression members, and the bands as tension members; in plain English the tubes are props to support from beneath, and the bands are strings to hold up from above, the arms which are extended out horizontally from the centre. Indeed, Mr. Baker has given a graphic illustration of the design of the bridge, by photographing a living model, in which the piers are men seated on chairs, and stretching out their arms to grasp with either hand one end of a stick, which is attached at the other end to the seat of the chair.

One of the most difficult parts of the whole problem is being dealt with at the present moment. At the shore end on either side the Fife and Queensferry cantilevers meet the viaducts built out to join them from the land, and are fastened down to the outermost piers of the viaducts, and held in their place by enormous weights. But the cantilevers which balance them on the sides turned towards the stream fall short by more than 100 yards of meeting the pair of cantilevers stretching out from the central or Inchgarvie pier. How then are these two gaps—each twice the width of the widest arch of Blackfriars Bridge—to be bridged? Who shall lay, so to speak, the two planks across at a height of 200 feet above the flowing tide beneath? We call them planks, for so in effect they are; but the planks are steel girders, each 50 feet in depth from top to bottom.

The process adopted is somewhat as follows. Let us confine ourselves to one girder only, for they will both be constructed in the same fashion. The girder is built up in two pieces, which are carried forward to meet one another in the middle. Till they meet, they are rigidly connected, by ties at the top and supports at the bottom, on to the cantilevers of which for the moment they form a part. As soon as the two halves get within a few feet of one another, advantage will be taken of a warm day, when the structure will have expanded to its full length, to lay the last plate between them, and to drop the rivets into their appointed holes. Then as the iron-work cools down at night, the pull from the top of the towers will draw up the weight of the girder, and counteract its natural tendency to

sag in the middle ; and the opportunity will be seized to form the junction true and straight. Once the girder is firmly joined up into one continuous piece, the temporary fastenings will be removed, and it will be allowed to drop into its permanent resting-place on rollers at the ends of the two cantilevers.

To any one who has seen the present structure, which, it is estimated, will cost about £3,000,000 sterling, it is not a little surprising to find that, nearly a generation back, bridging the Forth at this point was looked upon as comparatively child's play. At least it is certain that in the year 1865 a company, whose scheme, one may assume, had to run the gauntlet of the criticism of Parliamentary Committees, obtained an Act authorizing the construction, not only of a bridge 2 miles in length, but also of 8 miles of approach line, for the very moderate outlay of £650,000. But that was before the day when the Tay Bridge disaster taught engineers that, with structures of this magnitude, provision against the weight of the load was a small matter compared with precautions against stress of wind. The new Tay Bridge is 2 miles in length, and spans not a deep gorge like that at Queensferry, but a wide open valley and a shallow stream, with foothold for innumerable close-ranked piers, and yet it has cost over £650,000, without leaving any margin for approach lines.

And in the case of the Forth Bridge scheme, the cost of the approach lines will be by no means a trifle. First of all, a new direct road has to be made from Edinburgh to the bridge, as the present road goes round two sides of a triangle. Then on the Fife shore the existing line is down 200 feet below the rail-level of the bridge, and to effect a junction it is necessary to go back a long way and execute very heavy rock cuttings and raise vast embankments. Then again not only are the Fife railways for the most part single line, but they also run as a general rule east and west, following both the contour of the country and what has hitherto been the natural course of its communications. To form, therefore, a direct through express route to Perth, corners have to be cut off here, there, and everywhere, and of course single line has in each case to be doubled. Finally, when the route gets within about a dozen miles of Perth, an entirely new line has to be constructed to carry it through Glenfarg.

That Glenfarg is not exactly the place which any engineer would choose of his own free will for a railway, is sufficiently proved by the fact that, though it was the mail-coach route in the old days from Edinburgh to Perth, no attempt has hitherto

been made to run a railway through it. The new line strikes the glen at Damhead, 3 miles north of its junction with the existing line at Mawcarse, and for these 3 miles the country is easy enough. But from Damhead onwards is a narrow glen where stream and coach road jostle one another for lack of space. To find room for the railway by their side, the road is almost remade, and the stream has more than once to be bridled and trained to run in a new and less rugged bed. Mile after mile, the railway descends with a gradient of 1 in $74\frac{1}{2}$; but the Farg falls faster yet, so in the lower portion of its course the line is carried high above it in cuttings half-way up the precipitous hills which form its banks. Twice over it avoids a sweep of the river by a plunge into a tunnel pierced through solid rock and unlined. Emerging from the second plunge, the scenery changes with startling abruptness from a Highland glen to the rolling slopes of Strath Tay, along which the railway descends directly upon Bridge of Earn, there to form a junction with the existing line from the Fife coast to Perth.

Glenfarg is likely in the summer of 1890 to see some remarkable feats of speed, but it will hardly see anything to beat in its own line the record of Captain Barclay's famous "Defiance" coach along the same road. The "Defiance," with her 15 passengers, to say nothing of guard, coachman and luggage, was timed to cover the $129\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the Waterloo Hotel in Edinburgh to Aberdeen in 12 hours 10 minutes, including the crossing at Queensferry and 30 minutes' stoppages. Down Glenfarg, the last $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles into Perth was done in 40 minutes.

Perth, however, is not the only objective point for which the North British is making. It has at present much the shortest road, both in time and mileage, from Edinburgh and the South to Dundee, and *via* Dundee to Montrose and Aberdeen. But its road includes a 5 miles' steamboat journey across the Forth from Granton to Burntisland, and when the east wind is blowing in Edinburgh, as it usually is, the would-be passenger not unnaturally puts to himself the question which was asked of the lovely Rosabelle,

"Why cross the stormy Firth to-day?"

and having put it, takes a ticket for the longer but all-rail route of the Caledonian Company. And if this interruption of the journey is bad for passenger traffic, still more is it so for goods, and especially for the immense traffic in perishables, such as fish

and meat, which are sent from Aberdeen and Forfar to the markets of the south. When the connection now being formed from the Forth Bridge to the present Burntisland line is complete, the distance will be some 10 miles longer, but it will be by rail throughout, and will still remain shorter than that *via* the Caledonian line. And now let us see in brief summary what the North British and their allies will gain to compensate them for the expenditure of four millions sterling—persons qualified to judge declare that five millions would be nearer the mark—upon the complete scheme of which Forth Bridge is the central point. Let us put it in the form of a table.

From London to Perth :—

By West Coast	is now	450 miles ;	will be .	450 miles.
„ Midland Route	„	475½	„ „ .	455 „
„ East Coast	„	462	„ „ .	441½ „

i.e. East Coast was 12 miles worse, and will be 8½ miles better than West Coast.

From London to Aberdeen :—

By West Coast	is now	540 miles ;	will be .	540 miles.
„ Midland Route	„	565	„ „ .	539½ „
„ East Coast	„	552	„ „ .	526 „

i.e. East Coast was 12 miles worse, and will be 14 miles better than West Coast.

“Magnificent, but not war!” one feels naturally tempted to exclaim, as one contemplates these figures, especially when one remembers what is likely to be the cost of the maintenance of the bridge, with its acres of exposed ironwork ready to absorb tons upon tons of paint, and to employ the labour of whole gangs of painters all the year round from January to December. And yet, though it is, I think, more than probable that the bridge would have never been built at all if the Companies concerned had realized at the outset how much it was to cost them, perhaps the croakers are wrong, and the wisdom of the undertaking may yet be justified. Certain it is, that the companies which have inherited the monumental lines, built regardless of expense by Stephenson or Brunel half a century back, have never had occasion to regret the outlay, and that many a company, whose roads date from the lean years which succeeded 1848, would give a good deal nowadays to secure that the work had not been done so cheaply in the first instance. Another thing is, I think, certain ; we have hardly yet begun to realize the dimensions to which passenger traffic may grow

with another generation. Season-ticket traffic is still in its infancy. Holidays are becoming more and more common, and the number of those who can afford to travel on them is yearly becoming greater. If the working classes, who are steadily cutting down the drink-bill, only come to expending half their economies in railway fares, this alone would suffice to pay handsome dividends on a whole series of Forth Bridges.

One thing is clear: the effect of the opening of the Forth Bridge will be felt right away to the extreme north of Scotland. The Highland express leaving King's Cross at 8 P.M. is in Edinburgh at 4.45 next morning. The relief train, which in the height of the August traffic leaves a quarter of an hour earlier, arrives at 4.23 A.M. This train therefore might easily be at Perth, only 49 miles further, by 5.30. But the Highland Company is closely allied with the West Coast, and has besides never been over-fond of running additional trains. It might well profess its inability to start from Perth till the arrival of the mails from the south at 7.30. In this case the East Coast Companies have another string to their bow. They may come to terms with the Great North of Scotland, and run their own trains round by Dundee and Aberdeen, for Inverness and the north. Leaving Edinburgh at 4.30, they could comfortably reach Dundee at 5.50 and Aberdeen by 7.30. And Aberdeen is only 124 miles from Inverness over a very fair road, a good portion of it double line, while by the Highland route Perth is distant 144 miles of mountainous single line. There would evidently therefore be no difficulty in allowing ample time for breakfast at Aberdeen, and still landing passengers at Inverness in front of the West Coast mail, which arrives from Perth at 11.30 A.M.

"But why, in the name of fortune," one may fancy a reader exclaiming, "take all this trouble and make all this fuss about the traffic to a petty country town like Inverness with a population of some 20,000 people?" The question would be a very natural one, for certainly no one, unless he has seen Euston or King's Cross about 7.30 in the evening during the first week of August, or (still more remarkable) Perth about the same hour the following morning, can have any conception of the dimensions of the Highland traffic in the height of the season. Here is Mr. Foxwell's account ('Express Trains, English and Foreign,' p. 62), not one whit exaggerated:—

"In July and August the 7.50 A.M. train is the unique railway phenomenon. Passenger carriages, saloons, horse-boxes, and vans, concentrated at Perth

from all parts of England, are intermixed to make an irregular caravan. Engines are attached fore and aft, and the procession toils pluckily over the Grampians. Thus on August 7, 1888, this train sailed out from Perth composed as follows :—

London & Brighton Co.'s horse-box.	Midland, composite.
" " carriage-van.	North-Western, luggage-van.
" " horse-box.	South-Western, horse-box.
North-Western, horse-box.	West Coast, composite.
North-Eastern, "	North-Western, horse-box.
North-Western, saloon.	" meat-van.
" horse-box.	Highland Railway, P. O. van.
Midland, saloon.	" " luggage-van.
" luggage-van.	" " third-class passenger.
" carriage-truck.	" " first-class "
" horse-box.	" " second-class "
North-Western, horse-box.	" " third-class "
North British, luggage-van.	" " luggage-van.
" horse-box.	" " third-class passenger.
" "	" " first-class "
" "	" " third-class "
East Coast, sleeping-car.	" " guard's van.
Great Northern, saloon.	
West Coast, composite.	9 Companies . 36 carriages.

2 engines in front, 1 put on behind at Blair Athol."

The present writer was at Inverness on August 16th last summer, when the fiercest rush of the traffic was already subsiding. The mail train, which starts for the north at 12.10 P.M., left with 20 carriages on, and hardly a vacant seat in any one of them: the up mail at 3 P.M. consisted of 22 coaches. And this is the normal state of things for a couple of months. When it is added that a very large proportion of this enormous traffic is first-class, and booked for hundreds of miles, with additional fares for sleeping-berths and saloons, or for excess luggage, it is sufficiently evident that, while it lasts, it must be splendidly profitable. No wonder the companies fight keenly for it.

Certainly the travelling public have every reason to be grateful for anything that may divert some portion of the traffic that blocks Perth Station and its approaches every morning and evening in the month of August. The station cannot well be enlarged any more, for it is a Sabbath day's journey from one end of it to the other already. And in the fifty minutes between 6.35 and 7.25 A.M. there are poured into it from the south four or five trains with a total length of fully half a mile, made up of every kind of vehicle, from horse-boxes and dog-carriages to sleeping-saloons and letter-tenders. How many possible per-

mutations and combinations can be formed when three trains from Euston and two trains from King's Cross are rearranged so to form two trains for Inverness, a third for Aberdeen, and a fourth for Dundee, it would need a mathematician to calculate. But lest he should think his task too simple, it may be added that each train must be marshalled in a particular order, as here a horse-box, and there a saloon, have got to be dropped at roadside stations all along the route. A similar state of affairs occurs in the evening, when the 6.41 from Dundee, the 6.45 and 7.5 from Aberdeen, and the 7 P.M. from the Highland, have all to be marshalled to form the 7.20 for Glasgow, the 7.30 West Coast, and the 7.35 for Edinburgh and London (both King's Cross and St. Pancras); while perhaps during the operation a couple of fish specials run through on their way to England.

Nor have those responsible for the management of the station the advantage of exercising an undivided authority. Perth Station belongs, it is true, to the Caledonian Company; but the Highland and the North British run their own trains into it, while no less than five other companies, the North-Western, the Great Northern, the North-Eastern, the Midland, and the Glasgow and South-Western, have, whenever they please, the right to do the same. One curious result of this diplomatic complication was seen the other day, when an assistant to the Perth station-master had to be appointed. The task of selection was assigned to the superintendents of the North-Western and the Great Northern, as representing the two chief rival influences, and they chose their man from the neutral territory of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, on the express ground that he was likely to exercise his authority with complete impartiality.

The passenger who is kept waiting at Perth must at least admit that there is not much fault to be found with the accommodation there provided for him. Even the very dogs are not forgotten, and after their hot night in the train, should enjoy their roomy kennels with fresh water and clean straw. For their masters there are comfortable dressing-rooms with baths all complete, while downstairs the breakfast, with its never-ending relays of fresh Tay salmon, can fairly challenge comparison with the famous *bouillabaisse* of the Marseilles *buffet*. If the East Coast Companies, by the way, really do intend to run their passengers into Aberdeen for breakfast, they will certainly have to look after the refreshment arrangements at that station. Even at Mugby Junction itself, they would have

blushed to charge twopence for a penny bun, and threepence for a sandwich composed of equal parts of gristle, fat, and sawdust. But at Aberdeen they have no such scruples, being apparently under the impression that wine is not the only article in which old age may properly be paid for.

The complication of the relationships between the different companies at Perth is only typical of that subsisting over a large part of Scotland. England has nothing to show at all equal to it, the nearest approach perhaps being on the lines to the east and south of Manchester. Everywhere two companies are to be found competing with one another for traffic, not by different routes, but over the same metals. For example, the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western both use the same road for their Greenock trains as far down as Paisley. Carlisle Station is the joint property of the Caledonian and the North-Western; but the North-Eastern, the Midland, and the Maryport and Carlisle on the English side, and the North British and the South-Western on the Scotch side, have running powers not only into the station itself, but over a good many miles of the road outside it as well. In return, the Caledonian competes with the North British for traffic from the North to Edinburgh by running its trains into Waverley Station, which belongs to the North British. Or again, the Caledonian has recently constructed a branch off the Glasgow, Barrhead, and Kilmarnock line, which it owns jointly with the South-Western, in order to establish a rival route to the old South-Western one *via* Ardrossan to the watering-places on the Clyde. Or once more, the South-Western and the Midland, the Caledonian and the North-Western, unite in the joint ownership of the line which runs across Kirkcudbright and Wigtownshire from Castle Douglas to Stranraer, and send their combined trains over it. But this line can only be reached along the South-Western metals from Carlisle and Dumfries.

But all these intricacies are as nothing to those existing to the north of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Larbert, some eight or nine miles south of Stirling, occupies in railway diplomacy a position as important as that belonging to Luxemburg or Constantinople in European politics. Here from very early times the West Coast and Glasgow traffic of the Caledonian, the Glasgow traffic of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Company, and the East Coast traffic of the North British, all met, and the whole was taken on northward to Perth by the Scottish Central. In 1865 the North

British proposed to amalgamate with the Edinburgh and Glasgow. But the Scotch people are disbelievers in railway monopolies, and were determined to keep open the door of free and unchecked competition, and the Select Committee gave full effect to their desire. Accordingly, in the Act of Parliament authorizing the union clauses were inserted by which all possible powers of through booking, running their own trains if desired, &c., were given to the Scottish Central Company, as well as to what are known as the East Coast Companies, that is to the Great Northern and the North-Eastern.

Then, the same year, the Scottish Central itself applied for leave to amalgamate with the Caledonian. It got its Act; and in the following session of 1866, a second Act authorized a further amalgamation with the Scottish North-Eastern, thus carrying on the Caledonian all the way to Aberdeen. Again the most stringent terms were insisted on. The North-Western and the Midland were given powers to run, not only northward to Aberdeen, but actually into the Caledonian terminus at Princes Street, Edinburgh, and at Buchanan Street, Glasgow. The Glasgow and South-Western Company was treated with almost equal generosity. As for the traffic of the competing East Coast Companies, it was laid down in the Act, that it was to be treated by the amalgamated companies "as if it were their own proper traffic, or traffic which they were desirous of cultivating to the utmost." Yet more remarkable, it was provided that almost equal privileges must be conceded over any lines to the north of Larbert which the Caledonian might construct at any future time. This last provision, inserted doubtless with the best intentions, has had one effect which its authors can scarcely have foreseen. For all practical purposes the Callander and Oban line is a part of the Caledonian. The larger part of its stock is held by the Caledonian Company, most of the rest being held by the North-Western, and it is and always has been worked by the Caledonian. But, technically speaking, it is an independent company, and over it therefore the statutory rights of the North British over lines north of Larbert do not accrue.

There are not a few persons who think that the Caledonian might have been wiser if they had refused to accept their Amalgamation Acts at all on such onerous terms. For, when the Forth Bridge is opened, they will find themselves in a very peculiar position. The North British will have a route, both to Perth, and to Aberdeen *via* Dundee and the Tay Bridge, of

which it will have practically complete control. But the Caledonian route will still remain subject to all the existing obligations to accommodate North British traffic. No wonder that the North British star is somewhat in the ascendant just at present. Latterly it has succeeded to the position which was held by the Midland in the days of Sir James Allport. It seems to have taken Danton's words, "*De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*," as its motto, and so far with as much success as was attained by Danton's disciples. For it has by no means confined its attention to the Forth and Tay Bridges, and the east coast of Scotland. Its own proper exit from Glasgow was out to the high ground on the north-east; and when, some years back, it acquired possession of the line down the right bank of the Clyde to Dumbarton and Helensburgh, it was hampered in the user of it by the necessity of working round the northern outskirts of Glasgow from east to west.

Recently, mainly by the advice and assistance, it is understood, of the great firm of the Bairds of Gartsherrie, it has taken a new departure. It has constructed a railway, the "City and District," right under the heart of Glasgow. The line commences on the east side by a junction with the existing lines, passes under the terminus of the original Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway in Queen Street, and joins the Helensburgh line some miles out towards the west. With this one stone, and not a very expensive stone either, the North British has killed a whole covey of birds. It has secured a most convenient new road to the docks on the north bank of the Clyde. Secondly, it has obtained a very large urban passenger traffic, which formerly went by omnibus or tramcar—so large indeed that, though the line was primarily built as a goods road, goods are banished off it altogether during business hours. Thirdly, the new railway has enabled the company to try the experiment, which Sir Edward Watkin on the Metropolitan also appears to regard with favour, of combining urban with long-distance traffic. Trains run fast up to the outskirts of the city, from Edinburgh on the one side, and from Helensburgh on the other, and then stop at every station on the underground portion of the journey.

But the main interest of the "City and District" is to be found in its connection with the new West Highland route, for which Parliamentary sanction was obtained last month. It should be noticed that, just as the Callander and Oban is nominally independent of the Caledonian, so the new line is

nominally independent of the North British. But as the North British is to work it, and as all the dividend it is likely to pay to start with will be derived from a North British guarantee, the outside public need hardly trouble themselves with the distinction. Starting from the Clyde, nearly opposite Greenock, the new railway will run north along the Gareloch and Loch Long to the head of Loch Lomond ; then up Glen Falloch, till at Crianlarich, on the western slopes of Ben More, it strikes the Callander and Oban line, as it toils up the valley by which the Dochart runs down to the head of Loch Tay. Still northwards across the head-waters of the Tay, right through the desolate moor of Rannoch—the carriage of whose timber may be expected, so one enthusiastic witness declared, to furnish a handsome source of revenue to the company—and along Loch Treig till it reaches Glen Spean. Then due west till it strikes the banks of the Lochy and the Caledonian Canal, along which it bends round south-westwards, till it finally arrives at Fort William.

As originally presented to Parliament, the scheme provided for an extension to Roshven in Moidart, for the benefit of the fishermen and crofters of the western coast, but this portion of the undertaking was struck out in Committee in the House of Lords. But even so, the scheme as passed is large and far-reaching enough, and roused a strong though unsuccessful opposition on the part both of the Caledonian and the Highland Companies. As mentioned above, the new line cuts the Callander and Oban at right angles at Crianlarich, some forty miles from Oban. Now, there is a very considerable and a rapidly increasing traffic from Glasgow to Oban, and a line going straight up Loch Lomond is some fifteen or twenty miles shorter than a line running round by Larbert and Stirling. Naturally the Caledonian objected to the risk of seeing their traffic taken from them just as their line has begun to pay. They pointed out that the country northwards from Crianlarich could not furnish traffic enough to pay working expenses. If communication was wanted to the north of Oban, it should only be, they declared, along the coast. They would pledge themselves to make forthwith a coast-line from Oban, across Loch Etive and along the shores of Appin to Ballachulish, where at least the slate quarries had attracted the nucleus of a population. But Parliament refused to listen.

The Highland Company had more than one ground of objection. Loch Treig, along which the new line is to pass, is

only some dozen miles west of the Highland line, where it takes a great sweep to the westward by Dalnaspidal and Dalwhinnie in order to get over the Grampians through the Drumouchter Pass. And one main source of "Highland" revenue is the enormous sheep traffic from the moors of Perthshire and Inverness-shire, which it taps at this point. But this was comparatively a small matter. The apple of the "Highland's" eye is Inverness, and a railway at Fort William, or, what was worse, on the banks of the Caledonian Canal a dozen miles nearer than Fort William, is perilously close to Inverness itself. Where a canal could go, a railway could not find it difficult to follow. Moreover, the proposal of an extension to Roshven suggested only too clearly the possibility of a future competition with Strome Ferry, which even now is suffering from the rivalry of the much more distant port of Oban. But the diplomacy of the North British was equal to the occasion. By some means or other not easily intelligible to the outside observer, the opposition of the Highland Company was disarmed, and the West Highland Act is now safely passed. As it has the support not only of the North British, but of the local landowners along the route, there can be no doubt whatever that the money will be raised and the construction of the line begun forthwith.

One thing is certain, that the position in which the Highland Company finds itself is no enviable one. If on the one side it is liable to be hard pressed by the opposition of the West Highland, on the other the Great North, a line which has enormously improved within the last few years, is doing its utmost to get access to Inverness. No amount of genius can extract much sustenance for railways any more than for man and beast from the barren hills of Perthshire or Inverness. The Highland must always mainly depend for a dividend upon its through traffic. And its through traffic it is forced to carry over a single-line route so tortuous that, though the total distance from Wick to Perth, as the crow flies, is only 125 miles, the railway is 305 miles in length. A year or two back, in order to keep out the Great North, it took powers for the construction of a new direct line from Aviemore to Inverness, cutting off the great elbow round by Forres and Nairn. But hitherto nothing has been done towards making it. No wonder the company hesitates. If the opinion expressed the other day to the present writer by a very competent observer—not, it must be confessed,

over-friendly to the Highland Company—may be trusted, the construction of the new road would mean to them : in the first place, a capital expenditure of some hundreds of thousands of pounds ; secondly, the cost of working some thirty additional miles ; thirdly, no additional traffic whatever ; and lastly, the reduction of the passenger fares by as many pence as the new road would be shorter in miles than the old. For all that it is more than probable that the company will have in self-defence to make the Aviemore line in the immediate future.

For the Forth Bridge and the West Highland scheme are by no means the only signs that we are on the eve of great excitement in the railway world of Scotland. The proposal for an amalgamation of the North British and the Glasgow and South-Western fell upon the Stock Exchanges the other day as a bolt from the blue. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the latter company tried and failed to secure an amalgamation, first with the Caledonian and then with the Midland. Sixteen years ago, Parliament refused its sanction to the yet larger scheme for the union of the North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire. And now the dawn of what seems likely to be a fresh era of railway prosperity is again giving rise to a series of similar proposals. The present scheme has one peculiarity, that it does not seem to have roused any outside opposition. The Midland and South-Western amalgamation fell through, largely owing to the natural reluctance of the Scotch traders to have the management of their affairs removed from Scotland to Derby. The other two failed, because they would have prevented a competition which it was thought desirable in the public interest to maintain in force.

Neither of these objections can be urged against the present scheme. Both companies are purely Scotch, and their systems, which only meet at Glasgow and at Carlisle, nowhere compete with one another, except indeed—a big exception doubtless—for through traffic from England. The interesting point therefore to the outside observer (who is not perhaps likely to have his curiosity gratified till the battle is joined and sides are taken in the Parliamentary Committee rooms next session) is, what side the East Coast Companies will take. That the Midland looks on with approval may be taken for granted, for the Midland Chairman is also the Chairman of the Glasgow and South-Western. That the Caledonian, backed by the North-Western, will oppose, is, it may be presumed, certain. But what will the

Great Northern and the North-Eastern do? They are responsible for two-fifths of the cost of the Forth Bridge. They will scarcely care to see traffic between Perth and the West Riding sent *vid* Carlisle and Kilmarnock instead of *vid* Berwick and the Bridge. As for the yet more important traffic between the West Riding and Glasgow, why should the amalgamated companies carry it round through Edinburgh, if they can get a larger share of the mileage by the direct route through Carlisle? But speculations are idle; the amalgamation is not yet sanctioned, and this time next year we shall probably know a good deal at which for the present we can only guess.

Assuming that the amalgamation is sanctioned, it is by no means unlikely that the process would be carried further; that the Highland would fall into the arms of the Caledonian, while the North British in its turn would absorb the Great North. The former coalition would command about 1200 miles of line and 47 millions of capital; the latter about 1700 miles and 63 millions. We should then witness a state of things not unlike that of Italy, where, not indeed as the result of the free play of commercial enterprise, but in consequence of deliberate government legislation, the whole traffic of the country is divided between two companies competing all along the line from Milan to Brindisi. Meanwhile, we may assume that the Caledonian will gird up its loins for the coming fray. It too has a plan for a new underground line through Glasgow, and it is hardly likely to postpone much longer its application for powers to build a new line parallel to the South-Western along the Ayrshire coast.

But enough for the present. Next month we shall see something of the special features of the existing arrangements, more especially of the competition for the summer traffic to the innumerable watering-places along the Firth of Clyde, which has given rise to what is probably the most creditable combination of railway and steamboat services in the world.

W. M. ACWORTH.



La Comédie Française.

IN a former paper we gave an account of the Paris Conservatoire, the nursery of the Comédie Française, recognized as the most perfect assemblage of dramatic talent to be found in any country, and whose organization we now propose to describe. Individual talent, as great or even greater than any presented by the unrivalled Company, may shine elsewhere; but the perfect working of the whole machinery, the finish of detail from the highest parts to the most insignificant, is there unsurpassed.

The principle carried out at the Comédie Française is that of sacrificing nothing to "Stars," as has been proved when Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin were so easily allowed to depart; and it has often been noticed that deserters lose considerably, as regards high art, when they have shaken off the traditional trammels which are so undeniably useful as a restraint to erratic genius. It has been objected that the Comédie Française is too artificial and conventional. It is certainly both, but is not the stage necessarily conventional? Stage nature is not the real nature of everyday life; and when the latter strays away into anything resembling the former, there is an immediate and involuntary sense of the "theatrical," which at once marks the difference. The effect of perspective—the surrounding atmosphere—must be taken into consideration, and it has often been asserted by competent judges, that what would be really natural, would not seem natural on the stage. The object of the latter is to remove the spectator on to enchanted ground, giving him the delusion of reality; and this is accomplished to perfection at the Comédie Française. What is seen there, may not represent what really is; but every one will think that it *ought to be*. We never meet such charming people in the world—but then, why is the world so common-place? It is delightful to forget it for a while; but only when nothing out of place, or jarring on one's feelings,

suddenly calls one back to reality by revealing the strings that play; as too often occurs in most theatrical performances, and never happens at the Comédie Française. The working there is so perfect, that only when the curtain falls and all is over does one awaken to the perception that one has been living in Dreamland; a very pleasant place that one is loth to leave!

The origin of the Théâtre Français (now called Comédie Française) is traced back to the year 1680, when the tragic Company called "of the Hôtel de Bourgogne" was united to that of Molière. With but little interruption the accounts, from that date up to the present time, have been preserved, and may now be examined with the assistance of the Librarian, M. Monval, at the library of the theatre, Rue Richelieu.

The Company was at first directed, like all theatrical companies, by a manager, whose life was not always a very easy one, for Molière himself exclaims in desperation: "*Les étranges animaux à conduire que les comédiens!*"

During the French Revolution, when insurrection was the order of the day and nobody would submit to anybody else, the theatrical Company, which had always been so difficult to manage, had its little private revolution, and insisted on being constituted as a republic. We find a first solemn contract, drawn up in the presence of a representative of the Government and various legal witnesses, dated, in the jargon of the period, "27 Germinal, An XII. de la République," laying down the rules to be observed by the Society of Actors formed for the management of the Théâtre Français, with equal rights and shares of profits. They were to be directed by a Committee, chosen amongst themselves; but in case of difficulties or disagreements, the final Court of Appeal was to be a Council appointed by the Government, outside of the Company. They were to have an allowance of 100,000 frs. (£4000) from the Government, to support what was considered a national institution.

But the machinery did not work smoothly till Napoleon I., with his clear comprehension and imperious will, re-modelled the whole by a decree known as "*Le Décret de Moscou*," dated 14th October, 1812, which, although signed at Moscow, had of course been prepared long beforehand, and which still rules the Comédie Française, with a few modifications introduced by Napoleon III. (then President of the Second Republic) by a decree dated 30th April, 1850.

The Comédie Française has now a constitutional government,

under the superintendence of one of the Ministers,* who appoints an Administrator, by whom the affairs of the Company are managed, with the assistance of a committee of six members, chosen amongst the Sociétaires.

The Company is divided into "Sociétaires" and "Pensionnaires." The latter are engaged at a fixed salary, as in other theatres; but no one can become a "Sociétaire" without having done duty as a "Pensionnaire" for at least one year, however high may be the artistic standing of the candidate admitted.

Every Sociétaire has a right to a fixed stipend, a pension after twenty years of service, a share in the yearly net profits, and a benefit on retiring. The full salary is 12,000 francs; but when first admitted as Sociétaires, they may have only a fraction of a share allotted to them, and are then called Sociétaires à demi-part (6000 francs), or à quart de part (3000 francs). In addition, they have, by arrangement, what are called "*les feux*," i.e. a fixed allocation every time they act. At the end of the year the net profits over and above all expenses are divided into twenty-four portions or shares; one is kept to provide for emergencies, and if not entirely used for such purposes, the surplus is divided between the Sociétaires; a half-share is put aside for the pension fund, and another half-share for stage expenses, dresses, &c.; the rest is divided amongst the Sociétaires, in the proportion to which they are entitled; but only half is actually paid into their hands; the rest is invested, and accumulated till their retirement, or decease, in which case it is paid to their lawful heirs. It is needless to add that, according to talent and services, the proportion is increased gradually up to the full share.

Every Sociétaire, on admission, engages to serve the Company during twenty years; they are then free to retire, with a benefit and a pension of 5000 francs; they may act in the provinces, but not in Paris, unless by special permission of the Minister, and for a limited time, during which the retiring pension is temporarily suppressed. The Minister, with the concurrence of the Administrator and the managing Committee, has, however, a right at the end of ten years to cancel the engagement of any artist whose services are not considered sufficiently valuable. In that case they have a right to claim one third of the retiring

* Formerly the Minister of the Interior, now the Ministre de l'Instruction et des Beaux-Arts.

pension, and may use their talents in Paris or elsewhere, as they please.

If, on the contrary, it is thought advisable to retain the services of artists, with their consent, beyond twenty years, they have 200 francs added to the pension for each extra year; but if any accident disables an actor or actress in the exercise of their stage duties, even before the allotted time, they have a right to claim the full pension. In the case of ill-health, or any private reason obliging any artist to retire after ten years, and before twenty years of service, they have a pension of 200 francs for every year beyond the ten.

The Sociétaires are thus guarded from the proverbial improvidence of their profession, and when they retire after long service, a comfortable income is secured to them, even if they have saved nothing from their yearly earnings. Delaunay, for instance, received an accumulated fund of more than 223,000 francs (£8920); Madame Madeleine Brohan, 208,000 francs (£8320), besides the fixed pension of 5000 francs. But these advantages could not be secured without the allowance from the Government, which is now of 240,000 francs; it is only fair to add that the Company pays back about half, for the "*droit des pauvres*" or poor rate, to which all theatres are subjected.

The discipline of the Company, as established by Napoleon I., is tolerably strict. The great soldier was not likely to allow insubordination or caprice, and every emergency is provided for by clear rules laid down, to which all must submit.

Each member of the Company has his particular line of parts, and may take no others without a special permission, only granted in exceptional cases. There may be several in the same line, but one is called "*chef d'emploi*" or leader, and the others "*doubles*." The "*chef d'emploi*" selects the parts that he chooses to play in his line, but they must be learned by the "*doubles*," so as to be ready to take the place of the "*chef d'emploi*," if needful, at the shortest notice. The "*doubles*" have a right to take the leader's part three or four times a month with or without his consent. The leader may not hand over an unsatisfactory part entirely to a "*double*," but must play himself when required to do so; nor is he allowed to refuse to act any part in his line.

Any actor having pleaded indisposition who should be seen outside of his home on the same day, would pay a fine of 300 francs.

Every week two Sociétaires in turn, called "Semainiers," superintend the stage business and the rehearsals. On Saturdays the plays of the next fortnight are settled, with the actors who are to fill the parts, whether leaders or "doubles." No actor has a right to claim a separate line on a play-bill, or a first-place; all are put down in succession, according to seniority only.

The Company is recruited from the most distinguished pupils of the Conservatoire, having obtained first prizes; and also from the leading actors of other theatres, who are usually desirous of belonging to the Comédie Française, which represents the aristocracy of the theatrical world. They may easily obtain higher salaries elsewhere; but in other French theatres they are obliged to provide their own dresses; a serious consideration, with modern requirements, when one character-costume may cost several thousand francs.* At the Comédie Française everything worn by the actor or actress, from the head-dress to the shoes, is paid for by the funds of the theatre. The future, also, is secured, in the case of Sociétaires, to which dignity all of course aspire; while the present salary is increased by the "feux" for every appearance, and the provincial tours, which, though contrary to rules strictly interpreted, are at present granted, unwillingly but perforce, as a sacrifice to modern exigencies.

The ambition of every dramatic writer is of course directed to get a play accepted at the Comédie Française; it is a great honour and a lucrative one, for the author's dues are rated at 15 per cent. of the profits. But it is no easy matter, except of course in the case of well-known and successful writers, whilst even these are often rejected at the Comédie Française.

Before a play is even seriously discussed, it must be given to the ever-courteous M. Monval, Librarian and Secretary of the "Comité de Lecture," to be handed over to two readers, who decide whether it is worthy of being submitted to the Committee of seven Sociétaires, presided over by the "Administrateur," now M. Jules Claretie, the celebrated novelist.

When an inexperienced author has found favour in the sight of the two readers, and is informed that his play is admitted to an official hearing in the presence of the Committee, presided over by the Administrator, he is inclined to look upon the battle as won; although, in fact, his troubles are only beginning.

He calls upon the Administrator, who is all affability, and who

* The dress worn by Febvre in 'Henri III. et la Cour' is said to have cost 10,000 francs (£400).

gives him most courteous encouragement ; he calls on each one of his judges, receiving from all the kindest assurances of good will. And yet, many plays are examined and few chosen.

Writers, in general, complain bitterly of their dependence on the vote of the actors ; declaring that the merits of a dramatic work are neither understood, nor even taken into consideration by them ; that, in short, each one only cares whether the part in his line will be favourable to himself, and the other parts not too favourable to rivals.

But the ordeal (a very trying one) cannot be avoided as matters now stand ; for, according to the statutes of the *Comédie Française*, no play can be received otherwise than by the vote of the Committee after a hearing.

The great day comes, and few ascend the staircase leading to the room of the *Administrateur* without a considerable amount of nervousness. On the landing, but in a bad light and scarcely visible, is a scowling full-length portrait of the great tragic actress — Rachel, who seems to defend the premises against all intruders. A dark entrance, absolutely a den, opens into a small waiting-room, hung round with portraits of theatrical celebrities ; but before crossing the threshold of the *Administrateur*, M. Claretie, the “*huissier*” confidentially and anxiously enquires what the suffering man-of-letters would “like to drink?”

Visions of the torture-room flit through his brain, with that of cordials, administered to prevent annihilation from being too rapid for the full enjoyment of the torturers ; but the “*employé*” hastens to explain that the traditional glass of *eau sucrée*, provided to moisten the parched lips of the reader, is now improved by the addition of any stimulant which he may prefer. Having given his instructions, he is shown into the room of M. Claretie, who courteously encourages him to face the expected ordeal, with assurances that the Company is only too delighted to have an opportunity of discovering a new writer, fresh talent, &c.

After a sufficient sprinkling of official rose-water, the sufferer is led into a large room well lighted by four windows, where he finds the Committee ready assembled, awaiting his entrance. On the walls are theatrical pictures ; a large portrait of Alfred de Musset, and exactly opposite to the seat intended for the reader, a dreadful picture representing the death agonies of Talma, which is said to be particularly exasperating. At the end of a long table is a seat for the *Administrateur*, having on

his right hand the senior Sociétaire, or *Doyen*, a dignity now held by Got. The others take their places on each side according to precedence ; the author sits at the end facing his judges, with his manuscript and his beverage, ready prepared, with due care.

M. Claretie gives the signal, and the author begins to read ; no small trial to the nerves, for he must read his own production in the presence of the greatest masters of elocution to be found anywhere. Most of the successful playwrights are excellent readers. Legouvé, Émile Augier, Alexandre Dumas, Octave Feuillet, Sardou, are all noted as remarkable interpreters of their own works, and this has great influence as regards securing the approbation of the listeners, who, however, remain silent, and give no encouragement. Some do not attempt to conceal their weariness, and even indulge in a quiet doze. A celebrated actor of the last generation, Samson, having been vehemently reproached by the author for having slept through the reading of a whole play, merely answered : "*Monsieur, le sommeil est une opinion !*"

There are many ways of expressing such flattering conclusions ; Coquelin looked at his watch incessantly ; Febvre only stops short of an audible yawn ; Mounet-Sully scribbles and draws caricatures ; while the younger Coquelin stares vacantly, as if wondering what it is all about. When all these unfavourable symptoms are too apparent, the author, if he is wise, will break off the reading, and withdraw the play ; thus avoiding the annoyance of a formal rejection ; but if he perseveres, the hearing is concluded in silence, no one attempting to criticise or to admire in the presence of the author, who is led by the sympathising M. Claretie to his private room, there to await judgment. It is a sore trial to remain thus in silence and solitude while one's fate is being discussed ; but all is soon settled, as opinions are tolerably clear by the time the reading is over. Got, as senior or *Doyen* of the Company, speaks first ; the Administrator last, after having heard the merits and demerits fully discussed by the others. Then comes the vote—"Received."—"Received with corrections."—"Refused."

The formula "Received with corrections," is often a polite disguise for a refusal, in the case of writers who are not to be willingly offended ; but it is sometimes meant in earnest, and very successful plays are quoted which have been thus accepted and consequently remodelled by their writers.

M. Claretie has the unwelcome task of notifying the verdict to the expectant victim, whose distress takes a furious or pathetic turn according to character and circumstances; but it is always a terrible blow, and a crushing disappointment, which M. Claretie tries to comfort as best he may.

But we will suppose the play accepted and the author brimming over with delight. He has in store both honour and profit, but not without a world of trouble. The parts are first copied out and distributed to the *chefs d'emploi* or leaders; but before any rehearsal takes place there is what is called the "collationnement;" twenty, or thirty, times, if thought needful, the author and his interpreters meet round a table while the parts are read over, till every artist knows thoroughly, not only his own, but all the others, and is perfect as regards cues, &c.

When all this is satisfactorily accomplished, the rehearsals begin; but at first only positions are taken, and the mechanical work of entrances and exits, passing from one side of the stage to the other, settling where to sit, where to stand, and how to do so, is completely mastered. Then only does the speaking begin, directed by the author, the Administrator, and the two "Semainiers." What rehearsals are at the Comédie Française would scarcely be believed elsewhere. The same sentence is repeated over and over again, twenty, thirty times, till the intonation is considered satisfactory. As an instance, we will quote the exclamation of Mademoiselle Croizette in Octave Feuillet's play 'Le Sphinx': "Ah! vous m'aimez donc!" The intonation was not thought natural by an "habitué" of the theatre, who spoke of it to the great actor Régnier, then "régisseur de la scène," or stage manager. His reply was: "I agree with you that it is not quite satisfactory, but we tried *twenty-seven different ways* of saying the words, and finally the present intonation was chosen as the best." We were told by a celebrated French writer that he had witnessed a decision to have another rehearsal because one of the actors had mistaken the table on which he was to put down something that he carried in his hand, which had no direct importance.

But the working rehearsals of the Comédie Française are like the mysteries of Eleusis. No outsiders are admitted within the precincts while the feast to be enjoyed is being prepared; and even if any one managed to be concealed in a dark corner of the house, the result would only be disappointment, for the stage is completely screened from all lookers-on by a tent called "le

guignol," in which are seated the author, the Administrator, and the "Semainier" especially on duty. Generally, one of the most distinguished Sociétaires undertakes to "monter" or "get up" the play, and gives the author his assistance from the beginning; Got is said to be invaluable in such capacity. The present Administrator, M. Claretie, usually allows the author to manage his own business at first, with the assistance mentioned, and only comes when matters are tolerably smoothed, to judge of the effect, and give his opinion. But even from the beginning of the "collationnement" the material "getting up" has been in preparation, with orders to spare no expense necessary for a result worthy of the high position of the theatre. Formerly the Théâtre Français was proverbially inferior as regards scenery and costumes, the talent of the actors being considered a sufficient attraction; and many old play-goers will remember the dreary aspect of the stage when a play of Molière was acted, with no furniture but two arm-chairs, and sometimes a table; the actors standing in a row before the footlights all through the scenes. But all that belongs to the past. Now, the scenery is artistically beautiful; the dresses are magnificent; in short, nothing is spared to render the picture presented absolutely perfect. The "property" of the Comédie Française, accumulated during many generations, provides many valuable resources; but everything needful for modern requirements is procured so conscientiously down to the smallest details, that there is no "drinking long draughts of nothing," as Dickens called it; if the actors are said to drink champagne, they really drink it, and so on with all wines and eatables mentioned, of which they must partake, whether they like them or not! Pies are real pies; fowls are in the flesh, and must be properly carved—there is no make-believe.

The costumes are not usually ready before the dress-rehearsal; however, Mounet-Sully insists upon rehearsing for some time in his dress; wishing first to take off the effect of glaring *newness*, which he does not consider artistic; and next, to become accustomed to his strange attire, so as not to feel in any way impeded by it.

"We learned the part together," is a saying of his.

The dress-rehearsal and the first night scarcely suffice to guarantee the author from failure, for on those occasions the public is usually much the same, and generally well disposed. A failure at the Comédie Française would be a calamity that

few men would be barbarous enough to wish their worst enemy; happily, such a misfortune seldom happens, the acting being so excellent that it saves many a weak play from ruin. But a great success at the Comédie Française! A "grande première," like those of Alexandre Dumas, Émile Augier, and Octave Feuillet! This means a period of most exciting and delightful enthusiasm, a literary position gained, and a golden harvest in the future. No wonder then that so many writers brave the ordeal of the Comité de Lecture and the almost certainty of a refusal, for the one chance of admission into the sanctuary of art, which thus rewards its successful votaries.

The green-room, or "foyer," was in former days a centre of wit and brilliant literary conversation. All the distinguished men of the day were seen there, and many of the Sociétaires themselves excelled in clever repartee and discussions on literary or theatrical topics. The sisters Augustine and Madeleine Brohan, Got, Delaunay, and Coquelin, are all brilliant talkers; but now Got remains alone, the last of his generation of great actors, and the evenings in the "foyer" of the Comédie Française have lost much of their former *éclat*. There is no longer, as in former days, a select circle of literary men, but the "foyer" being now open to the subscribers indiscriminately, it is crowded with insignificant people who go there out of curiosity, and are greatly in the way of those who would like intellectual conversation. Several of the most distinguished actresses give preference to the small "foyer des changements,"* and take refuge there from the crowd, followed by their particular friends and admirers.

Nevertheless, most of the notabilities in the social and literary world are to be seen in the "foyer des artistes" or green-room. General Boulanger, among others, was a frequent visitor.

The Comédie Française being considered a national institution, is extremely liberal as regards free admittance. Actors of other theatres, even of other nations, literary men of all countries, pupils of the Conservatoire, critics, &c., easily obtain free admission, in a proportionate degree, which is surprising; for we find in the accounts of the Comédie Française for the year 1886 (given into our hands by the obliging M. Monval), the paying public set down as 307,785, against 156,412 "entrées de faveur" or free entrances. There are, besides, from four to five

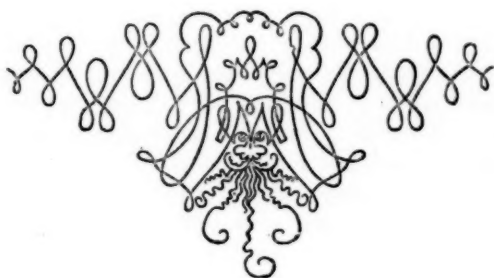
* A room reserved for those rapid changes of dress which leave no time for a return to the regular dressing-room.

entirely gratuitous performances, open to all, in the course of the year.

The theatre holds 1385 seats. It is open every day, and no theatre in Paris has such a varied play-bill. From 1st June, 1886, to 30th June, 1887, we find a list of 80 different plays; out of which 19 acts were entirely new works, and 23 revivals; a total of 42 acts studied and put on the stage, with the elaborate care we have described. From 1881 to 1887 we find 1,137,293 francs paid for the poor-tax, and 1,556,196 francs for authors' dues!

Happy the mortal who succeeds in crossing the golden threshold!

A. STROBEL.



The Minister of Kindrach.

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS evening visits were much affected at Kindrach. People dropped in on one another about half-past eight for "a bit crack," and probably "a bit supper." David after his visit to John White felt a great desire that "Siller" should be informed of it. After a substantial meat tea, and a reflective smoke, he thought that he would "drop in" at the Porters' casually. It was between eight and nine when he rang their bell. A carriage and pair was standing at the door, he noticed, as he stood on the steps, the glittering lamps casting two long streaks of light across the road; a hansom, also close behind, was drawn up to the pavement.

A footman admitted him, a young and evidently inexperienced individual, who conducted him upstairs, and into the drawing-room in rather a bewildered manner. There was no one in the room save an elderly gentleman in evening dress, standing on the hearth-rug with his coat-tails over his arms, through force of habit, for there was nothing behind him in the fireplace except a cool green mass of maidenhair fern. This was the great Mr. Alexander Porter himself. A little meek-looking man with a high shiny forehead, and gentle kindly eyes, peering at the world deferentially through double eye-glasses.

He accepted David's personal introduction a trifle nervously, but evidently with an amiable desire to be gratified. He coughed softly now and then, and kept an expectant eye on the door; during the one-sided conversation which David sustained, Mr. Porter merely interjected "Oh, ah!" or "aye, aye!" His watchful eye brightened, and a look of relief stole across his mild countenance as the door opened and his wife appeared. She came into the room, looking back over her shoulder

anxiously at the folds of her magnificent train; being a little afraid that the cluster of feathers at one side was placed a trifle too high.

She also was in evening dress—full evening dress. A sweeping train of violet velvet opening over an amethyst-brocaded petticoat; diamonds sparkling and flashing on her bare throat and wrists: she rustled across the room, still intent on the arrangement of the violet and amethyst tips, the light from the burners above falling on the soft fluffy white hair, and the airy arrangement of lace and feathers and fastened with a diamond crescent.

David had never seen a lady in evening dress before. The sight fairly amazed him. He felt for the first time since coming to London awed; Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, nay the very British Museum itself had failed to strike this chord which Mrs. Porter's velvet, brocade, and diamonds caused to vibrate. But it was not in his nature to remain long in a state of suspended decision. The feeling of awe passed when he took in the fact of Mrs. Porter's square-cut bodice, and elbow sleeves.

"An auld woman come to her time o' life, to make such an exhibition of herself, it was just a disgrace!"

In all truth it was a very modest exhibition: for Mrs. Porter's taste was far too good for any questionable display. She looked up.

"Good gracious! you here?" she broke off abruptly, and covered her momentary impatience with wonderful adroitness. Being a thorough gentlewoman she could not act rudely she told herself—dignified, cold, repellant, she might be—but rude, never. David replied to her first few words gravely, trying to show, in the steady stare of his honest eyes, the disapprobation he felt of her attire, or rather lack of attire; an utterly futile attempt.

"We are just on the point of starting out ourselves, therefore your visit to-night is a little unfortunate." She did not add any little social fib expressive of sorrow and so forth, not feeling that the man was worth anything more than the plain unvarnished truth.

David would have replied with his usual care to this remark, but the entrance of Miss Porter and Etta, followed by John White, distracted his attention.

There was a little general examination of each other among the women, during which the men stood aloof. The girls had

bowed formally to David, and that was all, beyond that they simply ignored him; but John White shook his hand very heartily, and asked if he were coming too. He was holding a very delicate bouquet of marguerites and maidenhair fern, arranged with artistic skill, and tied with long soft bows of white silk.

"Nae," returned David severely; "a man in m'ah position need scarcely be asked such a question."

"No? Well now, that's a pity. Miss Dewar won't enjoy herself, I'm afraid."

"Siller!" ejaculated David, turning abruptly towards Mr. White, who stepped back with a comical expression of extreme surprise. "Dinna tell me that Siller is joining in any such doings?"

"But is'nt she though! Mrs. Porter's maid is putting the finishing touches at this moment."

David walked across to Mrs. Porter with determination.

"Mrs. Porter, mam, this canna be—I canna permit——" but as he spoke the heavy curtain across the entrance to the inner drawing-room, through which Silvia had made her way, parted, and Silvia herself stood before them. The dark tapestry falling behind her formed an effective, sombre, background, against which her white dress stood out in pure relief. It was an old white silk of May's covered with fleecy clouds of airy tulle. In her hand she held a large white feather fan, also May's property. For a moment she stood there blushing and smiling, shyly conscious that they were all looking to see what sort of figure she cut in her first ball dress, and conscious also that she cut a particularly delightful figure. But it was only for a moment her little triumph lasted; the smile faded from her lips, and there was a piteous look of misery in the eyes she raised to John White.

"It's the nearest thing to a gowan, Annie Laurie," he said in his usual bantering tones, presenting the marguerites to her with an exaggerated bow. "Bloated, puffed-up London gowans, not those which grow on the braes of Maxwellton."

Silvia took the flowers mechanically; she could not thank him or even smile, but kept a wide-eyed, terrified gaze fixed on the advancing David, who bore down upon them with lips firmly compressed, his long coat swinging about his knees. He realized now that John White had simply fooled him that afternoon, and he was fiercely enraged. He took the flowers from her peremptorily; gripping them in his strong fingers, crumpling the ribbon bows, and crushing the delicate fringe of

fern. Silvia silently and helplessly let them go without attempting to retain them.

"Siller!" he said, in tones sounding through the room with terrible distinctness; "do you mean to say that you, brought up a God-fearing, Christian woman, have so far forgotten yourself as to put on such a gown. What ails ye?" He laid his other hand on her bare shoulder, grasping it almost roughly in his deep disgust. He even gave her a slight—a very slight—shake.

Etta tittered audibly, May half smiled, Mr. Porter peered through his glasses confusedly, wondering what the matter was, and John White gazed mournfully at the disordered bouquet quivering in David's ruthless fingers. But Mrs. Porter waxed indignant. That any one should presume to create a vulgar scene in her house was not to be tolerated for an instant. She rustled majestically across the room and placed herself in battle array, facing the enraged minister.

"I do not understand," she began loftily; "you appear to be acting very strangely, Mr. Fairfax. My niece is going with me to the American minister's ball; you speak as if we were taking her to some low and doubtful place of resort."

"Peace, woman," interrupted David, solemnly. "I ken naething about these bits of difference which the world reckons ample excuse; but this I do ken; m'ah wife shauna go anywhere in a gown like yon; neither shall she go to a ball, be the giver minister or no minister. What sort of minister can this American man be, ah'm thinking, to encourage such foolishness and warldliness in his ain hoose? No'a man it will improve Siller to know."

Mrs. Porter pulled her train forward impatiently, reasoning with this man was such a hopeless proceeding.

"My dear good man," she began, a little sarcastically.

"Siller shauna go, I canna permit it," interrupted David doggedly.

"It seems to me you are overstepping the limits of your position with regard to Silvia," returned Mrs. Porter, crossly. But here Silvia herself interfered.

She had stood, burning with mortification, ready to fly the spot with shame and humiliation, yet held by David's firm pressure on her shoulder—unable to raise her eyes and encounter the amusement and merriment she felt would be imprinted on every face but David's and her own. Her situation became

too intolerable, and like the worm of famous memory she turned.

"Aunt Silvia," she said hurriedly, "I see; I must stay, as Mr. Fairfax says. Please don't wait any longer, but go without me. I must stay," she added, with some decision.

"Oh, if you wish to stay, Silvia, of course," returned her aunt, a little annoyed, "that ends the matter. Come girls. Alexander, help me on with my cloak. May, have you got your hood?" A little general stampede followed, and in a few moments David and Silvia were alone in the great empty drawing-room.

David was conscious of a great joy rising in his heart, for had not Silvia given way at once to his wishes? There was hope, and peace, and unutterable comfort in the thought that she might be returning to her old attitude of meek submission. He had never felt so warmly disposed towards her as he felt at this moment (since coming to London). Some little word of commendation for her ready compliance to his wishes; nay, even an embrace he felt was her due.

"Ah've been much disappointed in your manner, Siller, since seeing you again, much disappointed and justly annoyed; but now you are beginning to recollect yourself and return to your old ways, ah'll not throw the past in your face."

He had never seen her looking so lovely. His pulse beat a little quicker, partly with the charm of her appearance, partly with the exultation of a man who has conquered. This fair woman had submitted to *him*, had bowed her golden head in acknowledgment of *his* authority. He was close to her and he wished to kiss her—wished it without any such rational motive as had hitherto governed this desire. It was an odd sensation.

"Siller, m'ah lass!" he said gently, bending over her, and refraining from touching her with a new-born desire that she would of her own free-will turn to him.

She did turn—suddenly and passionately. Putting up both her hands she pushed him from her with all her might.

"Don't touch me!" she cried; "I hate you!"

David looked at her, and stepped quietly back. That strange, delicious, unknown feeling fled before this icy blast. After the first moment of unmitigated surprise he recovered all his old calm.

"M'ah wurd!" he ejaculated, "this is pretty hearing."

"I cannot bear it any longer," she went on vehemently; "I have tried to tell you quietly that things cannot be as they

were between us, I tried to write it even to you. You must have seen, yet you ask for no explanation; my manner must have shown you that you, and Kindrach, and everything connected with you were detestable to me—yes, detestable,” she repeated, “unless you are so wholly wrapped up in your own conceit that you cannot see how ridiculous you make yourself and how ashamed I am. You humiliate me before my aunt and her friends—your uncouthness, your ignorance, your terrible clothes. And with it all you dictate to everybody, and lay down the law, and take upon yourself to point out other people’s faults and failings. I tell you, David Fairfax, that marry you I cannot and will not. Look at me,” she added, her breast heaving with the torrent of pent-up feeling she had let loose—her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed—“look at me,” she repeated, glancing downwards at her delicate dress, and her eyes caught and rested a moment on David’s great boots. “Then look at yourself, at your coat and boots.” The contrast seemed to her sufficiently marked.

The daily humiliations and torments of the last few days; the many moments of frightened enforced obedience to his will; the anguished hours of solitude; the stings of all Etta’s titters, and May’s shrugs, and Mrs. Porter’s annoyance, and the last crowning disappointment of this evening, found vent in the scorn and contumely she heaped upon him without regard to his feelings, without thought of justice, without pausing to reflect if some measure of blame might not be hers. Like most timid things, when once they gather courage they out-Herod Herod in their momentary boldness and bravery.

David’s lips had closed in a firm hard line. He looked at her with a cold, direct stare. He still gripped in one hand the remains of Mr. White’s bouquet. When she said “look at me,” his eyelids fell a little with a slight flicker of scorn. This outburst of childish splenetic rage made him long to take her by both bare white shoulders and administer a sound shaking.

“Ah’m looking,” he said steadily. “An’ ah see naething so verra wonderful; just a foolish woman beside herself wi’ temper. I dinna ken what m’ah coat and boots have got to do with the matter; ye did’na promise to marry a pair of boots, and a coat; ye promised to marry me, David Fairfax, Minister of Kindrach!”

He thrust the drooping marguerites and crushed ferns before

her as he spoke, to emphasize his last sentence. His eyes looked dark and angry. Silvia stepped back a little.

"Yes," she cried, "but that was in my ignorance—I knew nothing but Kindrach. All this," glancing round her aunt's handsome drawing-room, "was a revelation of another life. Do you think I can go back and take up that old existence? do you think I can be content to live at the Manse and spend my life making your porridge, and ironing your bands, and listening to your sermons? I never loved you. I thought it would be fine to be the wife of the principal man in Kindrach, that was all. And you I scarcely even thought of. Had you loved me as I know now that men and women can love, you might have seen for yourself that I cared no more for you than I did for James McKenna. He would have done just as well had he been at the Manse. But you! you never could see anything beyond that one great all-absorbing fact, David Fairfax, Minister of Kindrach."

She spread wide May's great white fan, and made him a mocking curtsy.

("Was this 'Siller,' shy, obedient little Siller? this bold, flaunting, curtseying woman?")

"M'ah wurd! I wonder ye're not ashamed," he ejaculated heavily.

"Oh, no!" she said, laughing a little hysterically, for her courage was beginning to totter on its hastily erected throne before his calm callousness. "I don't care what you think of me. I only want you to go; to *go*! Do you hear?" she added, with a stamp of her foot.

David surveyed her coldly.

"Well, since ye don't mind what I think, ye might speak the truth and give the real reason for all this stamping and raging. Its no all this," pointing, as she had done, to the room, "it's no the new views of what ye are pleased to call life; it's that grimacing, penting loon John White, *that's* what ails ye. Ye are just head over ears in love with a man who does'na care the lift of his little finger for ye; and that I heard from himself."

David's calmness was merely on the surface, beneath there boiled and raged a tempest far surpassing Silvia's little hurly-burly. He brought out his words very quietly and deliberately. He rather fancied he had scored. A little to his surprise Silvia began to laugh, and continued to laugh without speaking, as if enjoying a good joke.

"Mr. White is going to marry May," she said presently, still laughing. "I knew this from the very first. Etta Harding told me. Now he has sold that picture Aphrodite, and has been commissioned by some great lord or other to paint his hall and ball-room at his place in the country, they will be married very soon; Etta thinks perhaps this autumn."

David was considerably nettled, but he turned the tables he flattered himself smartly.

"Just a common house-painter is he?" he said with a snort. "An you tilting up your nose at a minister, an' your cousin there ready and willing to marry a young fellow who goes out as a jobbing painter! M'ah wurd! you've got notions since coming to London, Siller Dewar, that would stock the whole Royal Family."

But Silvia did nothing but laugh with a little hysterical catch of her breath now and then. David turned from her disgustedly and began pacing the room with heavy, impatient strides. He was not undecided as to what his next step should be, or what form his reply should take, but he was compelled to turn from her and wait until the turmoil of heated feeling should subside sufficiently to permit of his answering her at least decently.

Silvia's mirthless laugh ceased gradually; she sat down suddenly, a little tremulous and tearful, watching David with anxious, frightened eyes, her fingers knit tightly together, wishing, now that she had said all she had to say, that he would go, and wondering with sick dread why he did not. Presently he came to a standstill a few paces from her chair and looked fixedly at her. She could not face him, but kept her eyes on the toe of her white silk shoe.

"Well, Siller Dewar, ah'm to understand by all the foolish talk ye have poured out to-night that ye consider yourself free?"

Silvia raised a startled face.

"Oh! dinna fash yourself. Ah'm no anxious to hold ye to your wurd. A wife such as you, and the likes of you would mek', is no the kind I crave to spend the rest o' m'ah days wi'. So I give ye back your promise. We are both free, thank the Lord! Ah've only to add that ye chose a strange-like way to set about getting you're freedom. Ah wouldn't have believed that any woman would have behaved as ye have behaved; ah'm thankful to be rid of ye, ah'm that. Suppose we had been married, and ye had taken a turn at these havers and capers? M'ah patience! but it's a narrow escape ah've had."

Silvia was too exhaustedly wretched to feel offence at the tone he was taking.

"I should have spoken more quietly," she said gently, "but you always frighten me, and to-night I got angry. I am sorry." The pleading eyes raised to his were full of tears: but after what he had just passed through it would have been beyond nature (his nature, at any rate) had he felt any compunction. Sitting there with the soft cloudy folds of her dress billowing about her, the light falling on her bright hair and white arms, she reminded him of John White's shameless female; the passing fancy irritated him still further.

"Oh, aye, now you've got your way, like all wimmin, ye can be soft-spoken enough; but ah've seen your cloven foot, and all ah can say is that ah'm thankful ah've seen it in time."

He continued speaking; giving her "a piece of his mind," a process which lasted some considerable time, during which Silvia sat in mute misery, never once raising her eyes, or interrupting by look or gesture the flood of his harangue.

"There's only one thing ah'll ask at your hands," he said finally, when he had exhausted himself and wretched hearer utterly, "an that is m'ah mother's watch? Ony ither bit present ah've made ye, ye may keep," he said with an air of grand renunciation; "but m'ah mother's watch ah canna part wi'."

She sprang up swiftly.

"Yes, I'll get it. I'll get it now at once." She slipped beyond the curtain before he could say a word, and ran rapidly up two flights of stairs to her room, the motion and cool air of the passages sending a little renewed life circling through her almost benumbed consciousness.

She remembered with what pride she had produced her watch one day when some one had asked the time, and how glad she had been to show them all that she possessed one. Also she remembered the shrieks of merriment which its appearance occasioned.

"Is it a warming-pan? or what?" May asked with languid curiosity.

"They've got an exhibition on just now in Bond Street of curiosities," remarked John White, "but there's nothing there so unique as that, Annie Laurie. Is it a relic of the veritable beauty of Maxwellton?" In a tempest of rage and humiliation she had dragged it out of the "bit pocket" she had sewn in her gown, at David's recommendation, for its reception and

pushed it to the back of this drawer, where it had lain untouched ever since.

She unearthed it, and disentangled the slender chain from sundry bits of ribbon and lace. No remembrance came to her of the night when David had given her the watch, and Janet had softly pressed the little packet containing the chain into her hand at the door of the Manse. The gas she had turned on to the full, burnt with a flaring sound, and lighted up a far different scene. This modern luxurious bed-chamber, with its shining furniture, large mirrors, and dainty knick-knacks; the toilet table, before which she stood, strewn with articles she had never dreamt of in those days, but now had come to regard as absolute necessities. She herself in her white ball-dress. What possible connection could there be between now and then to recall the Manse "houseplace" and that far-away episode? Only this enormous turnip of a thing, justly spoken of by May as "a warming-pan," and a long worn, thin, old-fashioned chain. Silvia was not imaginative, or super-sensitive at any time to feelings of mere sentiment. To-night she was shaken by thoughts and gusts of anger, which must have driven sentimental retrospect and tender recollection far from the mind most addicted to the cherishing of these ideas; therefore Silvia cannot be regarded as utterly callous if she merely hastily seized the watch and chain without bestowing one thought, either sentimental or otherwise, upon them, and hurried from the room, leaving the gas still flaring.

David was still pacing the room heavily, backwards and forwards, when she returned, his dark brows drawn together in a frown of concentrated rage, and his strong hands closed firmly. In one he still held the faded bouquet.

Silvia silently handed him the watch and chain. She had no courage or power of self-assertion left. She was conscious of no sensation either of joy or fear. Only an unutterable, weary longing that he would go, possessed her.

David ceased his aimless promenade at her approach.

"Where did ye get this?" he asked, as his eye fell on his mother's chain.

"Janet gave it me," returned Silvia simply. Her eyes had dark rings beneath them, and her beautiful hair, which Mrs. Porter's maid had plaited and curled with so much care, looked tumbled and disordered—in her excitement she had pushed it back with her hands and totally destroyed the "elegant

simplicity" of Symond's arrangements. Altogether she was a sufficiently pathetic little figure to have moved even David. But he scorned to be moved by tired eyes and ruffled hair, unless the fatigued and disordered one deserved his pity.

"Janet?" he repeated, with disdain. "Ou aye! ah conclude she did, after ye had just tormented and worried the life out of her forrit."

He carefully placed the articles in one of his inner pockets; and then turned finally to Silvia—her sense of intense longing broke from her. "Ah, go now!" she cried, putting out one hand with a gesture of appeal. "What is the use of more words? nothing can alter things now, and I am so tired—so very tired!" Her voice broke and quivered with a sense of self-pity and real physical weariness.

David seized her upraised hand angrily.

"You think you have done wi' me, Siller; but it's no so easy to shuffle on and off wi' a man like me. Ah'll go the now, but ah hauna finished wi' ye yet;" he dropped her hand, and drew away from her. "If ye have chosen to disregard your duty to God and man," he said solemnly, "it's no reason why ah should leave ye wallowing in sin and wickedness; disgraceful and shameful as your conduct has been towards me, ah canna leave ye to work your ain destruction. Ah'll speak to your aunt Porter the morn, and ye must be ready to return wi' me to Kindrach by the night mail. Dinna speak," he added with quiet firmness, as Silvia made a little movement. "Wurds, as ye said the now, are without use; and now ah'll bid ye good night." Without looking at her, or touching her hand, he walked out of the door, and out of the house. Only when he stood on the pavement, and felt the cool, soft air on his heated face, did he realize that all this time John White's flowers were in his hand. With a muttered word—(it would be a pity to give it utterance, for not often did the Minister of Kindrach so forget himself, and surely his provocation was great!)—he tossed the bouquet from him into the roadway, where the hurrying wheels and hoofs of many horses trampled and tore it to shreds. He felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that its dewy freshness, the purity of its white flowers, the tremulous beauty of its delicate ferns, the artistic skill in its arrangement, the richness of its silk streamers were all gone, crushed out, destroyed for ever. David might have drawn a parallel between that bouquet of John White's and the fate of his first dream of love.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is really the most tiresome, absurd, ridiculous business I ever had anything to do with," Mrs. Porter spoke fretfully for her, but the morning had been full of petty annoyances. May was in "one of her moods," according to Etta, or as May's mother put it, "in a state of great mental depression." Then Silvia had come to her, almost before she was dressed, with an excited and incoherent tale relating to herself and Mr. Fairfax.

She had scarcely finished breakfast when she was informed that Mr. Fairfax desired to see her. She sailed into the library armed with her most dignified, repressive manner. But such a mere surface triviality as manner failed to shake David. He met it with a grave, immovable, impassive reiteration, that for the present he declined to say what his future intentions with regard to Silvia were, but he still considered they were in a measure bound to each other. As she was under age, he intended taking her back to her mother, with whose entire sanction and approval their engagement had been blessed. From her hands he had first received Silvia, into her hands he would render Silvia up again, "if needs be." The further discussion of future possibilities opened by that last saving clause he would not enter upon here amidst foes and antagonists. All he desired from Mrs. Porter in the matter was that she should see that Silvia was ready to accompany him back to Kindrach that night. And nothing more could Mrs. Porter extract from him, though she descended to argument, even expostulation, stopping short only of entreaty.

"Well," she wound up coldly, "I cannot permit Silvia to be treated in this fashion until I hear from my sister."

"That will just be postponing our departure for twa, may be three days," returned David with calm inflexibility. "It would be mair reasonable, Mrs. Porter, mam, to rely on m'ah wurd respecting Mrs. Dewar's wishes in this matter. Moreover, your ain feelings as a mother ought to tell ye that in such a serious decision as Siller is now called on to make no one could advise and counsel her so well as her ain mother."

"Call again this afternoon," she said impatiently, and then she went out of the room, full of indignant perplexity, betaking herself to May's sanctum, where she seated herself with the remark above quoted.

Miss Porter was not yet fully dressed, and her hair was hanging in a heavy plait down her back. One of the features of these "moods" being a disinclination to follow the beaten tracks of respectability. She was restless also—now pacing the room rapidly, then sinking gloomily into a chair or sofa. She scarcely noticed her mother's entrance, and permitted her to speak without troubling to acknowledge her remarks; but as she gathered what the trouble was, she became strangely eager and excited, sinking back, however, into an apparently apathetic condition as the story ended. Walking to the window, she stood looking out with her back to her mother.

"I should let her go," she said wearily.

"I am sure I feel half inclined to do so!" returned Mrs. Porter crossly. "That dreadful minister is becoming a perfect old man of the sea, and yet the poor child is in such distress—it is not to be supposed she could keep such a preposterous engagement."

"As to that, I don't suppose she will marry the minister; but her people ought to have a voice in the matter, before it is finished."

"She is such a child," returned Mrs. Porter uncertainly, "and might easily be swayed into a marriage with that awful man, and she is far too good and sweet for such a fate. I have thought Mr. Willett seemed—a little—don't you think so?—attracted; and that would be so nice for her!"

"Perhaps so: men generally seem to find her attractive; but still I think she ought to go now and consult her family with reference to her present engagement. A little later we can have her back. If Mr. Willett's fancy is worth anything it will keep warm until she returns; but I should certainly let her go now."

Mrs. Porter hardly understood her daughter's attitude.

"But you know how uncertain young men are," she returned, with still some latent fretfulness. "Instead of keeping warm, Mr. Willett's fancy will in all probability cool away to vanishing if Silvia is removed from his immediate presence; whereas, if she remained, he might propose next week."

May had left the window, and was walking uneasily about the room. As her mother ceased speaking, she stopped in front of her.

"Why will you make me dot every *i* and force me to cross every *t*?" she asked, speaking quickly. "Let Silvia go to-night, I ask it as a favour."

Mrs. Porter rose with some agitation; to see May in this excited, unnatural state was always a matter of agitation and distress to her.

"My dear, my dear, what is it?" she asked with loving pleading, holding out soft motherly arms. But May stepped back, pushing her hair from her temples.

"Let her go, mother," she repeated. "Don't think me unkind, but when I'm like this I am best alone," she added.

Without a word Mrs. Porter turned and softly left the room. She knew her daughter so well, that she was not hurt, but her heart was sore at the thought that May was burdened with a trouble she would not share. She came to a very fairly accurate conclusion as to the nature of her daughter's trouble, and no hesitation was now in her mind as to what she ought to do with regard to Silvia. Fanciful, and unfounded as she felt May's jealousy was, still she could not for a moment allow her child's peace to be disturbed. Silvia must go.

As her mother closed the door, May flung herself, face downwards, on the bed.

"I despise you, May Porter," she said, not passionately, but with insistent calm, "to descend to this: for what? If his love for me is so paltry and weak a thing that he cannot resist Silvia's baby charms, why should I strive, and plot, and scheme to keep it?"

Why indeed? But she did not call her mother back and propose that Silvia should not be driven forth like Hagar into the wilderness. She did nothing, but remained in her own apartments the whole day, restlessly miserable. Silvia's sobbing good-bye and wretched tear-stained face haunted her unpleasantly for long afterwards.

Mrs. Porter also felt somewhat ashamed and uneasy, though she endeavoured to impress upon her niece, as they drove to the station, that, having entered into this engagement of her own free-will, she must now endeavour to face the consequences bravely, and not expect others to fight her battles through life for her. That she—Mrs. Porter—had done all in her power to assist her—Silvia; but since she was, after all, only her aunt, and Silvia's mother being still in existence, she of necessity could do very little—and she added in a burst of real warmth, for Silvia's silent despairing misery touched her deeply at the time, "Remember, you must come back to us when this little affair is settled and done with. And there's our trip abroad this

winter, don't forget that you've promised to be one of our party." This was in reference to an often-quoted, half-formed plan that Silvia should take Etta Harding's place, as the latter was thinking of joining a married sister in India at the end of the year.

"Ah, there is Mr. Willett come to say good-bye," she said cheerfully, as their carriage rolled into the station yard. "I met him this afternoon and told him you were off to Scotland by the night mail. I call that very nice and friendly of him; don't you, Silvia?" smiling a little meaning smile into her niece's startled eyes.

There was not much time for any elaboration of farewells. Mrs. Porter and David arranged about luggage and tickets, leaving Silvia and Mr. Willett to wander about the platform in that aimless, silent fashion people generally adopt on the eve of leave-taking. Mr. Willett did not say much: their relative positions did not warrant the expression of any great things; but he looked at her in a very satisfying way and she was comforted. David passed them, important yet annoyed; for Mrs. Porter had insisted on paying for a first class-ticket for Silvia, which compelled him also to travel first class. He put down the money with a sense of sinful, wanton waste; but in this Mrs. Porter would not yield. She felt he had, in a measure, triumphed with regard to this affair of Silvia's hasty departure, and she would not give him the satisfaction of getting any more of his own way than she could possibly help. She persisted in ignoring him to the last, taking the disposition of Silvia's modest belongings into her own hands, while David as persistently declined to be ignored. This silent encounter between their antagonistic feelings left Silvia and Mr. Willett free to follow their own devices during the few short moments before the departure of the train; as has been already noted, their devices were very simple, but a certain sense of "understanding" was reached and understood by both before the bell rang with noisy clamour, and the cry arose,

"Take your seats for the North! Take your seats for the North!"

Mr. Willett assisted her into the carriage and barred the door a moment with his person, searching for effectual "last words." But David, like all people unused to the ways of travellers, was impatient to take his seat, and Mr. Willett's "last words" were hurried by the minister's importunate voice behind.

"You will come back soon?" he said in a low tone. "If not, I shall come and fetch you;" then he stepped down, after placing a dainty basket of grapes with one yellow rosebud on the top in her lap; and David's broad shoulders and black coat occupied his place. There was a shriek, a prolonged whistle, a flutter of Mrs. Porter's waving parasol—a jerk, and then a long, smooth, swift glide out and away into the summer darkness.

Silvia sat for some time, leaning slightly forward, wondering at the gladness in her heart, and holding the yellow rosebud in her ungloved hand. David's presence, her sudden departure, Kindrach, her broken engagement and shameful behaviour, nothing mattered; all was lost, forgotten, swallowed up in the vista opened by that one sentence, "I will come and fetch you." By and bye she drew back into her corner, muffling herself in wraps and shawls, and David fancied she slept; but all that night she was wide awake. Something new and wonderful had come into her existence. Something so new and so wonderful that it banished all sorrow from her heart, tears from her eyes, and sleep from her brain.

They reached Edinburgh in the grey chill of early morning, and after an exhaustive wait of two hours, during which Silvia sat, benumbed and weary, yet sublimely indifferent to the minor ills of life, in the dusty uncleanness of a waiting-room, and David stamped up and down the platform outside—they proceeded on their northward journey to Kindrach.

As the hours passed and Kindrach loomed an ever-nearing certainty, Silvia's rose-tinted views sobered, and later on, thoroughly tired out, and utterly uncomfortable, she miserably cried herself to sleep. David, sitting grimly opposite, staring moodily out of the carriage window, glanced now and then across at her. She looked very wan and travel-stained, with the marks of recent tears on her cheeks and in the pitiful droop of her lips. He was sad enough at heart, and very sore at her treatment of him, but a dim suggestion of pity for her also struggled into his mind, and his mouth slackened its rigid lines somewhat as he leant over and clumsily drew a shawl closer about her throat. In doing so the penetrating odour of the crumpled dead rosebud she still held in her relaxed fingers, reached his nostrils and reminded him of John White. His lips closed with an even more dogged gloom, and he did not look at her again with any further approach to softness or forgiveness.

They reached Kindrach about five in the afternoon. David had written, when he first made up his mind to return, bidding his aunt send the spring cart to meet this the only train during the day from Edinburgh. This had been done, but he was considerably annoyed that Janet herself should have driven the cart over from Kindrach. She was standing on the platform, in a light cotton dress and shady hat—a very old-fashioned out-of-date figure, but very fresh, sweet, and wholesome-looking, her hair glistening in the sun; about her whole aspect a suggestion of country purity and healthfulness. She came to meet them in a little rush of pleased excitement—nothing of all that had taken place in London was known here as yet, all she felt was the delight of their happy return. A perception of something wrong struck her coldly before a word was spoken. Over and above the bedraggled, dusty aspect peculiar to people who have travelled all night there was a look in David's eyes which she had known as a child and dreaded to arouse. And Silvia submitted to her hearty welcome and warm kiss without pretending to return either.

"An' wherefore did ye no send one of the men, John or Sam?" was David's first greeting.

"They were just awfu' busy," returned Janet, brightly, taking Silvia's bag and shawls, lading herself with this paraphernalia.

"Oh, aye! what should they be so terribly busy wi'? Ah expect ye just wanted to come to flaunt aboot the town and shops like a' wimmin!" he retorted irritably. Janet was hurt and surprised.

"It's something verra bad that has happened," she thought, wonderingly.

"It's no that, David," she said a little reproachfully; "it's the hay, we are all working most night and day to save it while the fine weather holds; they do say it iss the finest cut we've iver had," she went on, cheerfully, adding a little running stream of various other domestic details, trying to lift the dreadful gloom and glower in the atmosphere; but without avail—David answered shortly, and Silvia spoke never a word. Her mind was quite made up as to the course she must pursue. Argument was useless. She would wrap herself in a mantle of dogged silence and reserve. David, Aunt Muir, Janet, her mother and sisters, might pour hailstorms of rebuke, reproach, and scathing comment upon her and her behaviour. She would not, she was determined, emerge from the impenetrable shelter silence, utter

and complete, afforded. But a sense of desolation settled down upon her as they passed out of the little town on to the bleak and barren moors, and well-known landmarks met her at every turning. She was engulfed in a cloud of old associations; already London, and her experience there, seemed slipping too far into the background ever to be more than a dim remembrance. Must she fight, here at Kindrach, with realities to find that she was grasping shadows? It was early yet, however, to shrink. No, she would not give in. She stepped down at the cottage-gate braced for the conflict. David alone got down with her, telling Janet somewhat peremptorily to drive on to the Manse; they were met by all the Dewars and swept in a hurrying stream of kisses and ejaculations into the tiny sitting-room. When they were finally in the house, David wrested himself from Kate and Lesbia, and, laying his hand on Silvia's shoulder, propelled her forcibly before her mother.

"Ah've brought your daughter back, Mrs. Dewar, mam, as a brand snatched from the burning," he spoke with a certain sad solemnity.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Dewar, looking frightened and terrified. She had much the same little ways as Silvia, and glanced now from her youngest child's sullen, not to say sulky, tired face to David's dark contracted brows in a flutter of apprehension.

"As a brand from the burning," he repeated, in raised tones. "Ah will see ye the morn; ah'm fair tired out, an' ower sair at heart, to discuss the matter now." Without another word he turned and left the group of amazed women alone, with Silvia in their midst. At the burst of eager questioning which broke from them directly his back was fairly out of sight, Silvia collapsed entirely, and fell to bitter weeping. There was nothing for it but to hurry her off to rest and sleep; her sisters and mother restraining their curiosity as best they might.

(To be concluded.)



From the Kara Sea to the Obi.*



PART II.

OUR first day's ramble soon made me realize two things. Firstly, that the journey was not to be all "beer and skittles;" and secondly, that not much faith was to be reposed in our worthy conductor's veracity. The marvellous speed with which, according to his accounts, we were to cover the ground resolved itself into a slow crawl; not that this was to be wondered at, as the heavily laden sledges sunk deep into the ground, very boggy by nature, and rendered all the heavier by the incessant rain which had begun to fall from the moment we had turned our backs on the good ship *Labrador*. Manfully the poor deer struggled with their heavy loads, greatly distressing me by the way in which, after a few minutes' continued pulling, their tongues hung far out of their mouths, this being caused not so much by a natural want of breath as by the way of harnessing, which brings all the strain of their load upon their throats and chests. I soon saw that a reindeer's life is by no means a happy one; when, after three hours' heavy pull, darkness setting in, we were obliged to make our first camp, the poor beasts were just cast loose from the sledges, three or four of the oldest and most respectable ones being hobbled, and there left to pick up such little mouthfuls as they could crop from the very scanty patches of moss in the vicinity of the sledges. I at first wondered how it was that only the oldest and most staid deer were hobbled, but I soon discovered that reindeer are very gregarious, never, except when frightened by wolves or other wild animals, scattering; so that when one had made sure of the leaders of the herd not straying far in search of food, the remainder, how-

* For Map, see the August number of 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

ever wild, are sure to be within reach when required. From this gregariousness on the part of the reindeer, the Samoyedes' herds are often increased by wild deer, which are still to be found on the most northerly spurs of the Ural range, joining their captive brethren, and in time submitting to their fate of dragging the sledges, and, when past this, finding their way into the soup cauldron.

Having cast off our deer, we proceeded to make the best of our first night's quarters. That they lent themselves to the passing of a comfortable night even the most sanguine of us could not pretend. We had halted on the highest piece of ground we could find, a position always chosen by the natives in order that they may keep an eye upon their deer. The only shelter against the pouring rain and the bitter north wind we could devise was by turning up a few of our baggage sledges, and forming with them a sort of triangular "laager." Then began that most tedious and disappointing operation of lighting a fire with damp wood in the teeth of a howling wind. Alexander, accustomed to travels in these inhospitable regions, had luckily brought with him a block of wood, which he hoped would last till reaching the promised comforts of our choom; and a wise precaution this turned out to be, as only the inherited skill of native women is capable of converting the soaking moss and dwarfed willow shrubs to be found on the Tundra into a substance capable of burning or, rather, smouldering. After we had all in turn made our bodies into screens, nursed the first sparks under the flaps of our mackintoshes, exhausted our lungs by continued blowing when the sparks had developed into a slight flame, we were greeted by the sight of our first "camp fire," on which Alexander proceeded to prepare our humble supper, consisting of tea and fried reindeer-steaks. Ivan and Gregorio sat silently watching our preparations with ill-disguised contempt for the sybarites who needed a fire and cooked food. Having themselves disposed of a large quantity of perfectly raw reindeer-meat, they threw themselves down on the soaking ground, scorning even such slight shelter as an upturned sledge could afford. To the very end of my journey, I was filled over and over again with astonishment at the amount of hardship and fatigue this wiry little tribe could stand, going without food or sleep for forty-eight hours or more, never changing their soaked or stiffly frozen "malitzas," and taking it as a matter of course, after travelling for fourteen or sixteen hours on end in thirty

degrees of cold, to keep watch over the reindeer at night, by ceaselessly wandering round them on their snow-shoes.

Having swallowed our supper, we turned in to our sledges, covering ourselves with all the deerskins and pieces of canvas we could lay hands upon. However much reason we may have had to long for our cosy bunks on the *Labrador*, and the prospects of eggs and bacon in the morning, the entire novelty of the scene, and especially the utter uncertainty as to what the morrow would bring forth, made me forget all the discomforts of the moment. As soon as daylight appeared, the bustle of collecting the deer was very acceptable in restoring our circulation, which the degree of frost supervening on the drenching rain had numbed through the night. The poor beasts, who had found little or nothing to eat, were easily captured, and after a hasty apology for a breakfast, we started off, eager to reach our choom as soon as possible. As the morning wore on, the weather cleared, and we were enabled to take in the landscape, such as it was. Behind us we could still see the blue line of the Straits, dotted here and there with a bright sparkling spot which we recognized as an exceptionally large piece of ice ; and in front of us stretched the brown undulating Tundra, an unbroken line as far as the eye could reach. We walked by the side of our sledges, in order to dry ourselves, and to help our weary deer through the continual patches of bog, into which they kept sinking up to their bellies. The going became slower and slower, and to our anxious enquiries whether we would reach our camp that night, we eventually succeeded in extracting the unpleasant answer that there was no hope of reaching it that day, and little of reaching it the next. The only thing our good natives prayed for was a strong frost and fall of snow, which would make good going for our sledges ; but I cannot say that this was an encouraging thought in our drenched and tentless condition. The second night was rather worse than the first, as the approaching winter was making itself rapidly felt in the strong frosts which set in after dark. Our progress on the third day was even slower than on the two previous ones, as the deer grew weaker and weaker from want of food. At 3 P.M. we were obliged again to come to a halt. The only consolation we could derive was from the fact of the weatherwise Crowther predicting from the appearance of the sky a speedy fall of snow. Sleep in our drenched and fireless condition was out of the question ; so we sat huddled close together watching the sky for snow, like Elijah watching for the promised ap-

pearance of rain. Towards 3 A.M. the temperature grew much warmer, and to our intense delight a steady fall of snow set in. As soon as we could harness our deer, we started off, intent on reaching our choom that day, or die in the attempt. In order to make more certain of this, we hid three of our heaviest baggage sledges in a little ravine, trusting more in the absolute desertedness of these regions for their safety, than in the honesty of any native who came across them.

The deer seemed to know that they were approaching better pasture lands, as they apparently dragged their heavy loads with more alacrity. Towards the middle of the day we came across numerous footprints of reindeer, and Ivan declared his main herd could not be very far off. After a few more versts, we at last, to our intense relief, perceived on the top of a hill the choom which was to be our home for the next six weeks. This sight even seemed to slightly rouse Gregorio and Ivan from their usual apathy, and they urged on the deer with more energy. Our arrival at our camp gave me a good instance of the extraordinary stoicism of the Samoyedes. Though the barking of the dogs, and rushing about of the liberated reindeer, must have informed the inhabitants of the choom of our arrival, nothing but a diminutive Samoyede of four or five came out to greet, by sundry inarticulate grunts, his father Ivan. As soon as the latter had cast loose the deer, and ranged the sledges in a circle round the tent, he lifted the loose flags which serves as door, and entered into his castle, closely followed by me.

The four women who were seated on the ground, busied with dressing and sewing reindeer-skins, hardly looked up on our entering, and Ivan went straight into the corner evidently reserved to him by right as the master of the establishment, and sitting down without a word, begun appeasing his hunger with large slices of raw meat. Not till his improvised meal was over did he utter, and then only to ejaculate, a few broken words evidently referring to the new inhabitants whom he had brought into his choom. Seeing that we were not likely to obtain any assistance from the fair sex in settling down, we set to work ourselves, and indicating to them that we meant to take possession of one half of the choom, we brought in our scanty goods and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. It was a tight fit, ten grown-up people and two children pressed into a circle barely twelve feet in diameter. We lay with our heads under the folds of the tent, and our feet turned inwards towards the fire, which, when fuel

was forthcoming was lighted in the middle of the tent. The only exit from the blinding smoke was through the top of the choom where the tent poles joined, from which open space we also derived all our available light. We could, however, not complain of a want of ventilation. This choom being a summer one—that is, its covering consisting of strips of birch bark sewn together with reindeer sinew—there were plenty of fissures through which the wind and snow drove in upon us. Though thoroughly wearied with the hardships of our first three days of travelling, I spent most of the night in watching the domestic habits of our new hosts and their families. After some enquiry, we had discovered the relationship of the various occupants of this one apartment. By far the most important person seemed to be the ancient, witchlike-looking female, Ivan's mother. Of all the hideous faces it has ever been my misfortune to meet in my various travels, hers was by far the most hideous. Before our choom life was over, we discovered that her character was even worse than her face. After a glance, we tacitly declared war to the knife with this ancient virago. The fairest specimen of the Samoyede female was Arik, the young lady of the house, Ivan's sister. The other two were Ivan's wife and the wife of Alexei, Ivan's brother. I observed with some amount of concern that the latter would soon be a happy father, and another inhabitant be added to our choom. All these worthies silently watched our preparations for the night with intense curiosity; but only Arik, encouraged perhaps by the gallant looks and gestures of Alexander and Crowther, ventured to help us by drying our soaking boots and stockings. We soon settled down comfortably on our side of the choom; but it was some time before I got accustomed, when waking suddenly, to the row of hideous faces opposite me, some one of which was sure to be gorging raw meat, which did not render the sight more attractive or reassuring. We were not to enjoy the luxuries of our choom for long. Before daylight next morning a move was made, as I was anxious to reach the river Kartuicha, where our winter sledges and tent were in store, before the river began to freeze, and became impassable for some time. The first breaking up of our regular camp was an interesting sight. The women did all the work connected with the pulling down of the choom, and the packing of the sledges; the men concentrating their attention on the collecting and harnessing of the deer. This has become such an institution amongst the natives, that

the men would rather sit, cold and tentless, waiting for three or four hours, whilst the women were struggling to erect the choom in the face of a strong wind (by no means an easy task), than degrade themselves by touching a tent pole, or in any way assisting in the building of their home. By far the worst portion of our travels was, on arriving at our camping-place at night after a long and cold day's tramp, the weary hour or two's waiting whilst the tent was being pitched and a fire lighted.

By the time the choom was pulled down and packed into the several sledges, we saw the magnificent sight of the 500 reindeer moving towards us, driven by the men and dogs who had sallied forth long before daylight to collect them. Then began the wild chase, which we were to witness so often before our journey's end, of catching the deer destined for the day's work. The old stagers came up to the sledges at once, disdaining to make any show of wildness or untractability; but of these sensible creatures there were only about twenty, the other forty or forty-five required having, with infinite trouble and exertion, to be lassoed. This was a sight I never grew tired of, and a performance in which, towards the end of the journey, I used to take an active part. The dogs chased the reindeer up and down, and they rushed in close order two or three abreast, led by one of the oldest of the untamed deer, going through the deep snow at the most extraordinary rate. The men having their lassoes (which are twisted leather thongs about thirty feet long, with a noose running through an eye generally made of walrus tusk) ready coiled in their hands, crouch down low in the snow, and as the animals pass they throw the noose with marvellous skill over the horns of the deer which is chosen for work or death. Their memory and eye for deer is extraordinary, as the proprietors know every individual deer in herds much larger than the one we were travelling with; no easy task, as each year the herd changes, by the birth of new calves and death and loss of the old ones. It was marvellous to see Ivan examining the herd every morning, and in the course of the day telling you exactly what deer had strayed or been carried off by wolves in the preceding night. This performance of catching and harnessing the deer generally lasted from two to three hours, which accounts a good deal for the slow progress we eventually made. Seeing that we were likely to come in for great cold during this portion of our journey, I, having started with only an ulster from the *Labrador*, ordered a com-

plete native outfit from the women, and the animals destined to furnish my costume were caught then and there, killed, skinned, and within four days their skins transferred from their backs to mine.

In our three days' march to the Kartuicha we had the excitement of crossing a broad as yet unfrozen stream. The water already being very cold, it was with some difficulty that the herd could be persuaded to swim, and it was only by catching the old ones and forcing them across that the rest were at length persuaded to take to the water. When they had made up their minds to do this, they all dashed in in a body, the sight of the thick struggling mass of antlers in the water being splendid. Several of the younger calves, however, were carried off by the rapid stream. We reached the Kartuicha just a week after leaving the *Labrador*, and found a small camp of Zyrienian fishermen. These were the first specimens of this tribe we had come across, and the several days which we spent here in definitely fitting ourselves out for our journey across the Urals afforded me an opportunity of studying this very interesting set of people. They all come from the village and small district of Lahme, talk a language of their own, and are very independent in their ways and habits. They live much like the Samoyedes and Ostiaks, owning large herds of reindeer, and derive much wealth from cheating the natives, and from the illicit sale of spirits. They are a very cunning race, but a fine-looking set of people, and I was particularly struck by the good looks of the women, by no means an unpleasant contrast to the hideous native females by whom we were surrounded. Out of doors they don the same costume as the latter, but when in their chooms they wear a particularly picturesque garb, consisting of a red skirt held up by a sort of cross-belt over the shoulders and a black velvet coat, their hair being hidden by a red cloth wound round their heads in the form of a turban. During our stay we abandoned our own choom for the largest one of those belonging to the Zyrienians, and found that, with ingenuity and a certain amount of energy, a choom can be made quite a comfortable residence. Instead of lying on the snow, we had matting covered with reindeer-hide cushions, a portable stove instead of the open fire, and cooking utensils instead of the meat dangling by a string over the smoky fire. These Zyrienians spend the summer fishing in the Kartuicha, and as soon as winter sets in return to their native district

of Lahme, the journey for which our hosts were just making their preparations. Our natives still having a few roubles in their pouches, and finding themselves consequently well received, and the Zyrienians willing, for the consideration of one rouble, an enormous sum in these parts, to let them have a bottle three-quarters water and one-quarter villainous vodki, were not very active in their preparations for a start, and then began the series of attempts to hurry them on my part, and recriminations on their part, which nearly ended in open mutiny before the journey was over. It was not till the 6th of October that we got clear of the influence of the Kartuicha settlement, though we did remove our camp a few days' journey off. The men, however, as soon as the choom was pitched, dashing back on light sledges to the attractions of the vodki bottle, and doing in half an hour the distance it had taken us a painful day's journey to accomplish. Another family had been added to our camp, in the shape of Nicholas and his wife and children, a native who flattered himself he could show us the way to Obdorsk. This worthy at first proposed crushing into our choom; but upon this I put my veto, obliging him to bring with him his own habitation. Our journey proper commenced on the 7th of October, and there was little till we reached the Urals to break its monotony. We very soon shook down into the routine of our day's work. As soon as daylight appeared we rose from our reindeer-skins; our toilet was soon made, generally being confined to a good shake in order to remove the snow which had covered our clothes through the night; if fuel was forthcoming, we lighted just enough fire to cook what we called tea and some reindeer-steaks; then the choom was pulled down, the sledges packed, and whilst the operation of catching the deer was going on, I generally tramped on ahead through the snow in the hope of finding something to shoot. However, it was not till we came within sixty or seventy miles of the river Ussna that we found any game, and then only ptarmigan, and these very wild. The only animals we "struck" in the tundra were three "sloths," and occasionally a big snowy owl. We occasionally at night heard the deer stampede before wolves, and saw their footprints in the snow in the morning, but we never sighted any till we crossed the Urals.

These fruitless tramps in the morning after camp, however, helped to get up our circulation for the day, as sitting on our sledges ploughing through the heavy snow was cold work; the

temperature fell lower and lower day by day with marvellous rapidity. Towards midday we generally made a halt of an hour, during which time we readjusted the harness of our deer, mended the sledges which had got broken during the morning's work, &c. Then the march continued till about 6 o'clock, if by that time we had reached a good patch of moss for the deer. In this way we made about twenty miles a day. Whilst the women were building the choom, the men caught and killed the deer which was to be our supper for that night, and breakfast for the next day, and collected such fuel as could be found. As soon as the choom was up, we lay down in our respective places, not to move out till the march was resumed next day, except to go and get a breath of fresh air, and relieve our eyes when the smoke from the green, wet brushwood grew particularly suffocating. The first portion of the evening, whilst Alexander was making us the best supper possible under the circumstances, was spent in cleaning our guns and drying our mocassins. After eating our evening rations, came a pipe (as long as our tobacco lasted) and then a yarn about his Arctic experiences with Crowther, or a cross-examination of the natives as to their doings through Alexander and old Gregorio. The women were ever busy dressing and sewing skins for their lords and masters, who, the moment the choom was pitched, took it easy, and lay recovering from the hard day's work. These long evenings and nights of enforced inactivity became very hard to bear, and yet I was obliged to put a stop to the use of candles, which would have at least allowed us the satisfaction of a book, as these as well as all our stores, which were only calculated for twenty days, were rapidly dwindling, and I saw no hopes of our reaching civilized parts in that time. From the Kartuicha I had attempted, with the view of passing over the proposed line of canal, to make for the Kara River; but after a few days' travelling, I saw that the want of food for the deer, and the slowness of our marching, and want of preparations, would make this impossible, so I struck in as straight a line by compass as possible for the Urals, hoping to find a practicable pass as far north as possible which would lead us to Obdorsk.

I was amazed to find how suddenly the winter came on. During several days we were forced to halt from stress of weather, and during one of the heavy snowstorms and mists which ushered in the great cold which came upon us, my progress over the tundra and through this life was nearly cut short. For, on

one occasion, seeing we were again halted for the day, owing to the weather, I strolled round the choom, and, finding some foot-prints of ptarmigan, I called to Crowther, and, taking our guns, we went in search of them. We came across a covey, but it was out of shot. Suddenly a heavy snow-storm arose with a dense mist, and in a moment both choom and Crowther disappeared from my sight. I walked for a bit, and then realised that I was regularly lost amongst the hills. It was true I had a compass and knew the direction of the choom, and I am convinced that I must have passed within a few yards of it, but the fog was so dense that nothing could be seen. I fired off my cartridges, all but two, as signals of distress, but with no result. At last, after wandering for a couple of hours in no pleasant state of mind, I came across the foot-prints of a reindeer, and followed them in hopes they would take the direction of the choom, which they fortunately did. I met Alexander and Crowther, who, very greatly alarmed for my safety, had set forth in search of me. To celebrate my happy return we ate, amid much rejoicing, one of the two preserved pine-apples we had brought with us from the *Labrador*.

The first real excitement we had was exactly a month after leaving the ship. It was a fine, bright, but very cold day, and we were making fair progress over the hard snow, when Alexander, who had pushed on ahead, came driving back furiously from a height on to which he had climbed, and informed us he had sighted the mountains. We were soon on that height, and not even Xenophon's band when they shouted *θαλαττα, θαλαττα*, could have done it with more enthusiasm than we shouted back to the rest of our caravan, "The Ural! the Ural!" This, however, was not the only excitement for the day, for soon after we had pitched our camp, the family event which had been imminent took place, and the young Samoyede who made his entrance into the world very literally in our midst, withstood, strange to say, the test of being rolled in the snow, by which the natives seem to assure themselves of the "survival of the fittest." Next day the weather set in thick again, and for a whole week we travelled on without being again refreshed by a sight of the Urals. At the end of the week we reached the first wood we had come across, a welcome find, as the temperature varied between 20 degrees below zero Réaumur, and an occasional thaw. On October 26th, we struck the banks of the River Ussva, but found to our disgust that though it had already been hard frozen this season, a sudden

thaw had broken it up again, and we were forced to make another halt. However, in making casts up and down the river for a crossing, we came upon the huts of a Zyrienian hunter, who spent his winter in these desolate regions, trapping wolves and foxes. It was a great treat to see a fresh human being—this Zyrienian and his family being the first we came across since we left the Kartuicha. We also were enabled to replenish our stock of tea, the only luxury left us, as during the last week we were absolutely confined to reindeer meat, and had been forced on three occasions after going without food for some time to submit to eating it raw, the snow having been too deep to find the little brushwood, which till then had afforded us our fuel.

I had a long discussion with Popow the Zyrienian hunter, who strongly advised me to go S. and cross the Urals by what is known as Siberiokoff route, but as this meant at least another month's travel, I determined to march straight to the hills and trust to our own ingenuity in getting across. It was quite plain that the natives, now they were getting into quite unknown parts to them, were very anxious to hang back, and would gladly have got out of their bargain of crossing the much dreaded Ural range; but I was determined to go on, and that at once. So as soon as the river would bear the weight of our caravan, which was after a three days' halt, we drove Ivan and his companions out of the vodki-consuming company of the Zyrienians, and made in a straight line for the hills. Two days after we left the Ussva we were rewarded by a magnificently clear day, and as it grew light, we saw the range of Urals in all its snow-clad grandeur before us. The sunrise over the hills that day was worth all the journey, and especially a pleasant sight to us, as we knew just beyond them lay Obdorsk, comparative civilization, and, as we hoped, news of our belongings and the world in general, from which we had been cut off so long. The Urals here appear much higher than they in reality are, as they rise very abruptly from the tundra, which is little above the level of the sea. The highest point ahead of us was *Pae-jer*, which is just under 5000 feet above sea-level. This was practically the point we were making for, as, according to Popow, just to the S. of it, running between the hills *Pae-jer* and *Chortju-jes*, was a practicable pass.

The main question now was to await favourable weather for the crossing, as the great danger of these narrow passes are the sudden and heavy avalanches and snow-drifts which are caused by any strong wind, a very frequent occurrence.

I pushed on the camp to the best feeding-ground on this side of the hills, as, once we had started to cross, we had to go on till reaching the other side, there being absolutely no food on the hills, which are very rocky and destitute of all vegetation. We gave our deer a forty-eight hours' rest and feed, and on the 1st of November at 3.30 A.M. broke up our choom for the last time in Europe.

It was a steady climb all day, and we had to do a good deal of pushing and lifting to get the heavy baggage sledges over the boulders. The morning had been very fine, but as we got into the defile the sky clouded over us and we saw with some concern that the wind was getting up, and that snow was threatening. We were obliged to drive the herd of deer in front of us, unlike on the tundra, when they generally followed at some distance, driven by either Arib or Alexei on a slight sledge, but on this occasion we drove them on through the pass in front of us, having much difficulty in preventing them turning and running back to their last feeding-place. The defile grew narrower and narrower and the wind came cutting through it, making it almost impossible to face it, as the temperature was about 30° below zero. Towards evening our progress grew very slow, as the continual climbing without rest or food had thoroughly wearied the deer; but there was nothing to be done; we had to keep on till we reached the other side, and the worst was still to come. Towards midnight the wind increased to a regular gale, and had it not been blowing exactly down the pass, that is from E. to W., we would without any doubt have been overwhelmed by the huge masses of snow which lay threateningly overhanging us from the steep rocky hills which rose perpendicularly on our right and left. As it was, the fine drift-snow was blown so fiercely into our faces that it almost choked us, and one was obliged to occasionally turn one's back to the wind to be able to breathe freely. It became more difficult minute by minute to make the deer face this, and had it not been for the narrowness of the gorge they would undoubtedly have turned and broken away from us. Whenever they made a determined effort to do this, however, we drew our sledges barricade-like across the pass, which effectually stopped all attempts at escape.

At about 2 A.M., according to the appearance of the hills, we had reached the middle and narrowest part of the defile, but here presented itself a difficulty which nearly baffled all

our efforts to proceed. The draining of the melting snow in autumn, running off the hills, had converted the middle of the pass into a lake, and the wind driving the snow continually over this ice had polished it to such a degree, that even under ordinary circumstances it would have been difficult for the deer to keep a footing on so slippery a surface. Added to this the raging wind, total darkness, and the weariness of a twenty-four hours' march of the most difficult kind, and our position is easily realised. The main herd scrambled across somehow; but the moment the first string of sledges had advanced on the ice some little way it was caught by the wind; the deer were thrown off their legs, and upturned sledges, deer, human beings, inclusive of the baby, in hopeless confusion, blown mercilessly along the polished surface. Attempt after attempt was made to urge the deer, till at last Ivan, who to do him credit had behaved very well till then, burst into floods of tears not unmingled with violent imprecations against me. All the initiative of getting across was now left to Crowther, Alexander and myself, and after the weary and difficult process of getting a footing on a piece of canvas as far out on the lake as possible, and then hauling the deer towards us by lassoes fastened round their horns, we succeeded in getting all our sledges and those of the natives across. Thoroughly exhausted by twenty-six hours of incessant hard work without bite or sup, I threw myself into my sledge, and notwithstanding the great cold, I was soon fast asleep. When I awoke I found daylight breaking and our sledges driving rapidly downhill through the outskirts of a thick larch wood which stretched out in front of us. Behind us towered the steep Pae-jei, its top hidden by a dense cloud. I then realised we were across the Urals and in Asia at last. However, our adventures were not to end there. During the time I had been asleep, old Gregorio, who had been driving the string of sledges on which Alexander, Crowther and myself were lying, had managed to lose the rest, and after wandering about aimlessly in the wood, had to admit he was hopelessly lost, and had managed to lose the track of the other sledges. Here we were, after twenty-eight hours' travelling, foodless and shelterless. There was nothing to be done but to take the freshest of the deer, harness them to a light sledge and go in search of the lost track, an office which I was obliged to undertake. After three hours' search, I at last discovered our choom pitched, the inhabitants fast asleep recovering from the fatigues of the

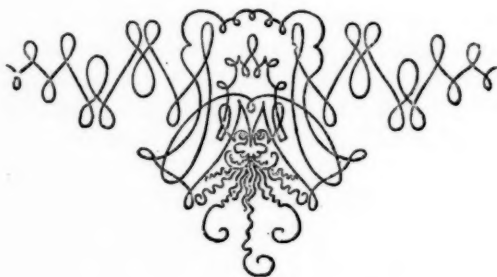
journey. By the time I had retrieved my lost companions I was thoroughly done, and glad to throw myself down in a corner of the choom, and sleep till far into the afternoon.

We had to give our deer a thorough rest, and the next few days' marches were just shifting from one feeding-ground to another. The entire character of the landscape had changed. Instead of the barren tundra we were in the midst of thick forests of larch and pine filled with game, ptarmigan, capercailzie, foxes, white hares, lynx, etc. Our one bane were the wolves at night, which necessitated constant patrolling round the deer on snowshoes, the snow in the forests being from five to six feet deep; notwithstanding which precautions, however, we lost about ten deer before reaching Obdorsk. The natives were very curious about the "other side of the Stones," *i.e.* the Urals as they call Asia, and very anxious to get a sight of the much despised Ostiak, in whose country we now were. They had not long to wait. About three days after crossing into Asia we were joined by one of the latter, whose services I accepted to guide us to Obdorsk. The Samoyedes had ruefully to admit that after all the Ostiaks were very much like themselves, and that the deer this specimen drove in his sledge were finer than their own. As a rule these two tribes regard each other with the greatest mutual contempt, Samoyede being a great term of opprobrium to the Ostiak, and the former, if accused of anything particularly offensive, remarking with indignation that he is not an Ostiak or a Russian. On the 6th of November we slept for the last time in our choom, as our Ostiak guide declared we were within a day's march of the longed for Obdorsk. Accordingly next day we loaded our goods into several light sledges, with five deer apiece, and after a tender farewell, and great settling up of accounts, drove off from the choom which we had begun to look upon as our home.

We travelled at a speed which contrasted most agreeably with the snail's crawl which had been our pace since leaving the *Labrador*. We had come about seventy-five versts, when by dusk we suddenly halted on the banks of the monster river Obi. The Obi at this point being joined by the Polni is about seven miles wide, and the guide blankly refused to pilot us across in the dark owing, to the dangers of the crevasses, which abounded in the middle of the stream. He proposed we should sleep in our sledges till daylight, but this would have been too tantalizing, and I forced him, nilly willy, to lead on. We groped our way

carefully across the frozen giant river, and I was beginning to wonder whether after all we would ever reach civilization again, when the most joyous sound I had heard for long came faintly through the darkness over the still expanse of snow and ice, a church bell striking 9 o'clock. A few minutes after we saw the lights of Obdorsk twinkling from the bank, and our reindeer journey had come to an end. We halted at the entrance of the village and sent Alexander to knock at the doors of the most inviting-looking log huts to find us quarters. But our story sounded so improbable, that the inhabitants, rendered suspicious by living in the midst of semi-wild natives and the worst form of Russian convicts, were not anxious to receive us, and it was only after some time that we found food and shelter in the house of Ivan Paulovitch Popow, and civilisation, which we had parted with on board the *Labrador*, was restored to us under the hospitable roof of this enlightened Russian gentleman, who, many years back, had entertained the celebrated naturalist Dr. Brehm

VICTOR A. L. MORIER.



The Siren Song.

I HEARD it in the happy isles
Blown down the dying day,
The summer song whose lilt beguiles
The wanderer to stay :

It followed in the shorewind's breath,
The magic still was strong,
Although the note of change and death
Has touched the Sirens' song.

They do not lure to new delights
Beyond what life has known,
To happy days and happy nights
In summer's slumber-zone ;

But only, " who will rest awhile
From riot and from ruth,
Forget in such a sunny smile
The brazen eyes of truth !

" Come hither, hither, come and dream
Of years dead long ago,
Until the earth and ocean seem
The world that poets know.

" Come back and dwell with hopes long dead
And what will never be !
Avert thine eyes and turn thine head
From the world's way oversea !

" For here are drowsy dreams to cheat
The eyes that else would weep,
And inland seas to bathe the feet,
And quiet vales for sleep."

But deadly is the Sirens' song
As ever in the ears,
And ropes of faith must bind him strong
Who bides it when he hears.

For some have hearkened, lain them down
And drunk a deadly thing,
And soon the storms of winter drown
The hollow dream of spring.

Pass, phantom music, pass away !
The purple isles grow dim ;
The glamour of the dying day
Fades on the ocean's rim.

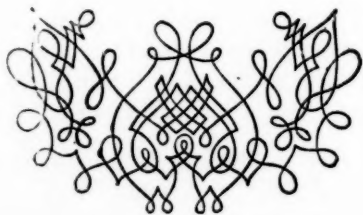
Enchantress of the mossy caves
Sleep by thy drowsy streams !
The cradle of the rocking waves
Is worth a world of dreams !

Oh, living love, my happy hills
Are wheresoe'er thou art ;
There is no help for human ills
But in the human heart !

So be the haven near or far,
Blow winds and freshen sea,
The morrow's hope, the morning star,
The living world for me !

RENNELL RODD

CYCLADES, 1889.



Elephant Kraals.

ON arriving at Aden, I found a letter from the Governor of Ceylon, inviting me to make no arrangements on reaching that island, as there was to be an Elephant Kraal early in February at a place about fifty miles from Colombo. This was very exciting news to one during whose government of nearly six years in Ceylon, there had not been a single kraal.

The whole affair was a private concern got up by certain chiefs of the Western Provinces as a compliment to their new governor. They took the entire expense on themselves of driving in the elephants, and of erecting some very pretty and comfortable houses, made of the leaves of the Talipot palm, for the accommodation of the Governor and his party, and of the local officials. The promoters of the entertainment, however, expected to recoup themselves for their outlay by the sale of the captured elephants, but the sport alone would have induced them to undertake it. It seldom comes, it is true, for kraals are not an every day occurrence. In 1866 one was given in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh; and another in 1882 in honour of the English princes; but though few and far between, yet tradition keeps alive the story, and what Epsom is to an Englishman, or a "corrida de Toros" to Spaniards, such is a kraal to the Singalese. They will go any distance to one, and are as knowing and as garrulous about elephants and their doings as the most thorough "Aficionado" about Manchegan bulls.

After a pleasant morning drive and a subsequent short ride along a bridle path we reached our destination, and found our leaf cottages very prettily situated in a meadow by the side of a clear stream. We were invited to be the guests of the Governor in this pleasant bivouac, and much enjoyed the hospitality. The kraal itself was about three-quarters of a mile away, on the other side of the hill which flanked our meadow. It was constructed

at the end of a valley, and ran up the side of the hill, and was two or three acres in extent. The word "Kraal" is Dutch, and is identical with the Spanish "Corral" or enclosure; and the present enclosure was formed of the trunks of trees sunk into the ground. Cross-bars lashed to them by tough creepers from the jungle, gave the palisade great strength, and peeled pointed sticks were arranged along it to repulse any attempt on the part of the captive elephants to break out. A grand stand, large enough to hold fifty persons, was erected over the palisade in a position which commanded a view of the kraal, and a small kind of crow's nest was placed just over the opening through which the elephants were to be driven. From that post the Governor and a few friends would be able to see the first rush of the huge beasts into the kraal; and we were strictly enjoined when the time arrived not to speak or cough, and above all things, not to smoke, lest suspicion being aroused, the elephants should turn back.

In the evening the Governor invited the two native chiefs who were getting up the hunt to dinner. They informed us that the herd was well surrounded, and they hoped to drive them in next morning. We had much elephant talk, and broke up full of expectation.

The morning came, but with it the adverse news that the herd had fallen back, and that there would be no driving in that day; but in order that time might not hang heavily upon us, a fish kraal was proposed for our amusement in the afternoon. This was effected in a lovely spot where a large pool of a couple of acres in extent was hemmed in by a ridge of rocks, and filled by the river tumbling through a rocky defile above it. The fish which occupied the pool were driven into a corner by nets; in it were placed boughs and logs of wood, under which they hid. At length the net completely surrounded the corner, which seemed alive with fish. They were a species of carp, almost all small—scarcely any reaching 2 lb. in weight, but they jumped like the best Irish steeplechasers. The net was raised about three feet above the surface of the pool, and many of them cleared it gallantly and got off safely into the open water. A prodigious quantity were captured at last and distributed among the beaters, who received them with much satisfaction, fish curry being a special dainty.

Next day good news arrived that though the elephants had broken through the inner circle the day before, yet that they

had been driven back by the outer cordon and were expected to enter the kraal before noon. In elephant-catching there are two cordons, one in advance, the other some distance behind, to turn the elephants if they grow restive and succeed in breaking back. They are driven very slowly, only a few miles a day. There were from 500 to 600 beaters employed, who were relieved by a succession of new comers from the villages on these occasions. When dusk advances, a halt is proclaimed and a cordon of fires in a constant blaze prevents the retreat of the elephants during the night. Next day after breakfast, we went up to the kraal and took our silent untobaccofied station in the crow's nest over the entrance. We heard the wild cries of the beaters apparently near, louder and louder, quicker and quicker came the shots. We knew the great beasts were close at hand, all at once we held our breath, we saw the jungle wave, and then heard the crash of trees, and on rushed headlong into the kraal eleven elephants, bearing down everything before them. "Now we may light our cigars," we cried, and so we did. In an instant the palisades in the space left open for the entry were securely fixed and all hope of escape impossible. The next step was to beat down the jungle within the kraal, in order that the noosers might have every opportunity of easy approach. An opening was made in the enclosure, and six tame elephants stalked into it. Two turned tail the moment the wild herd approach them, and were so frightened that they would do nothing, so they were ignominiously turned out, and four remained for the work; two of them gigantic old tuskers who knew their business and never quailed. The poor captives, among whom were two mothers with calves, kept constantly together, thinking their safety lay in union. The great object was to pen them in some spot, in order that the noosers might get to their feet and fix the rope upon them. It was a most striking scene, the rush of the beasts bearing down everything crashing and waving before them, and all at once brought to a standstill by the sight of the huge tusker stepping gravely out and barring the way with his gigantic head. It seemed to be the perfect symbol of the *Æschylean* inexorable resistless fate, something treading slowly, noiselessly, bearing with it utter irretrievable ruin. The deliberation and calmness of the approach was a terrible sight, nothing appeared but the enormous head and the trunk which touched the ground, and

the bright colours of the riders ; all the rest was hidden in the foliage. The poor prisoners halted, gazed, knew their master, and bolted another way ; to be again encountered by his comrade. At last a roar, or rather a shriek, and a violent trumpeting denoted that a capture had been effected. The rope was fixed on the leg of a calf, a small one, but for all that he made a good fight. One of the large elephants dragged him down by the rope to a tree in the corner of the kraal by which a small stream was running and there he was tied up. Both on this and on other occasions it was amusing to see the goodnatured manner in which the tame elephants handled their prisoners. They pushed them to the very spot where they wished them to go, and when there kept them perfectly steady till the tying-up process was effected. There was no attempt to beat or hurt them. They seemed as it were to say "there is not the slightest use in resistance," and the captives after a very short struggle seemed to acquiesce in that view of the case. The noosing and tying up process was continued the next day, but we were obliged to leave and failed in consequence to see a very touching episode. The calf of one of the cow elephants was noosed, the mother did her best to save it, but when it was dragged away by the huge tame tuskers she gave up the hopeless struggle, and retired into the rank of the still free wild ones. The young elephant was tied to a tree in a corner of the kraal within three or four yards of the largest concourse of spectators. The wild elephants being again driven round the kraal passed near the spot, and this time the poor cow walked deliberately out from her fellows and came down to her calf, with whom she remained the whole day, comforting and petting it with her trunk, and not paying the slightest heed to the stones and sticks and bad language which were constantly hurled at her. At last she too submitted to be tied up without resistance. The Governor's party left that afternoon, and on the following day the remaining elephants were secured without loss of life or accident.

It was notified to me on my arrival by the Kandyan chiefs of the North-Western Province that as a remembrance of the friendship which used to exist between us during my term of government, they were about to offer me the compliment of a kraal on a great scale in the wild regions of their province.

They were already busily engaged in a drive of the elephants which abounded there, and were employing a prodigious force

of beaters, from 1500 to 2000 men. It is probable there was some exaggeration in the number; still there is no doubt that a vast number of men were employed, and a considerable tract of country was being beaten by them towards one point where the site for a kraal had been selected. News reached us from time to time of large herds of elephants being on the move. It was said that 120 had been counted within the circle, and among them a large and formidable tusker. Nothing could exceed the liberality of our entertainers; they had erected a large and tasteful house of talipot leaves close to the kraal for the accommodation of the Governor's party and myself.

The Governor at first did not intend to be present, but allowed himself to be persuaded to change his mind, much to my gratification, as I again had the pleasure of his society. He was accompanied by Lady and Miss Gordon, which made the party very agreeable.

We received notice that on the 5th of March, the elephants would be close to the kraal. Rumours went abroad that about sixty elephants were being driven, the rest having either escaped by their own exertions, or having been allowed to depart as the number was unmanageable. On the 5th accordingly, we all departed from Kandy at early morn, breakfasted at his beautiful residence near Korunegala with the Government agent or satrap of the North-Western Province, and reached the kraal, which lay about 30 miles due west of Korunegala, at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

On reaching our destination, I was most astonished at the scene which met the eye. A considerable town of leaf huts had suddenly sprung up, and the high road was lined with shops filled with all sorts of wares. Further down, in the almost dry bed, and by the banks of a large river, were rows of bullock carts, each of them the abode of visitors, temporary hotels, and occupied by more than one sleeper, while there was just enough water for somewhat unsatisfactory toilets. Branching from the high road and leading to the kraal, was a bye road, and on each side of it were constructed houses made of talipot leaves, and inhabited by members of the civil service, and other well-to-do folk. They seemed to be filled with ladies in the gay and light attire of tropical costume. It was stated that there were 5000 persons, independently of the beaters, in this temporary camp, over which a week previously nothing had been passing except wild beasts. On reaching the precincts of the town, we were

welcomed by a procession of elephants, and marched behind them in state to the spacious bungalow erected by the Kandyan chiefs for our reception. It was very prettily arranged and decorated, with about ten rooms, and not more than five minutes' walk from the kraal.

The next day we visited the kraal. There were about two acres of ground enclosed by a strong stockade, and a beautiful two-storied grand stand had been erected, with upper and lower compartments, from which all the operations could be well seen.

It was most tastefully decorated with scarlet and white drapery; the arms of the Governor and of myself were emblazoned on it, and it was carpeted like a drawing-room. We were in great hopes of being summoned to it on the following day, as it was confidently asserted that the elephants were close to the river, and once they were over it all the rest was a matter of plain sailing, and of a few hours' desperate driving. But the next day came, and then the next day and the next. Each day brought with it its own tales; one person confidently asserting he had seen the elephants close to the river; another being positive he too had seen them, but several miles away, and the last tidings bearer was right. On Sunday we had divine service at the Governor's bungalow, and the Rev. Mr. Ireland Jones preached to a large and attentive audience of Europeans and natives an admirable sermon on the text, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills." Still, the beasts of the forest would not or did not advance. We heard rumours of a particularly fierce cow elephant with a very young calf at her feet, disarranging the line by desperate attacks on the beaters, who could only repulse her by firing bullets at her from their extraordinary collection of fire-arms; and, indeed, such marvellous arms could never have been seen elsewhere: Portuguese and Dutch barrels adapted to flint-locks, old Tower muskets, huge pistols, blunderbusses. They all, however, made a noise and frightened the elephants; but they did more than that: they killed two beaters by being indiscriminately discharged. One of the victims, a poor boy, had climbed a tree to see the sport, when a shot fired in the air wounded him so severely that he died shortly afterwards.

As may be supposed, time began to hang heavily; the weather was very hot, and the camp being surrounded by jungle, it was reached by little air. It was a mercy that we were not all

attacked by some disorder. No exercise was possible, partly from the thickness of the covert all around, and partly owing to the strict injunctions which were circulated that no one was to go in the direction of the elephants for fear of heading them back.

There were not many episodes to beguile the time: one night an assault was committed by a wild rogue elephant, which invaded the camp and attacked and ill-treated two small tame elephants on the outskirts. He was watched for next night, but departed never to return on receipt of a volley from some sportsmen, who failed to bring in his tail. Then there were horse races, and much hard and dangerous riding in them, as is sure to be the case when the planters gather together. They were succeeded by elephant races, and very grave, grotesque affairs they were. Whichever got the lead retained it, as in the best part of the course, and especially at the finish, there was only room for one. The delays and the excuses for the non-arrival of the elephants continued into the new week, and at last became so intolerable that we all determined to depart, and on Wednesday the 12th, having been at the kraal since Wednesday the 5th, we revolted, packed up our things and were on the point of starting when in rushed a messenger in hot haste, and informed us that the whole herd would be driven in within five minutes. And sure enough we heard a tremendous outcry close at hand, accompanied with the reports of all manner of fire-arms. We arrived in time to see the dash in of the huge beasts, who ran round the stockade seeking an exit, but in vain. At every point there were spearmen, and the open space by which they entered was instantly closed up. It was difficult at first to see them as they took refuge in the thickest part of the covert. The first thing to be done was to beat down all the brushwood, to enable the noosers to go to work, and four tame elephants marched in for that purpose. It was most amusing to see the perfectly business-like manner with which they performed their task. They soon found out the few trees which were beyond their strength and they troubled themselves no more with them. The others they rocked to and fro till they overthrew them, and then walked along them breaking off the branches, and converting in a short time that which was previously a thick jungle into level ground. One large dark-coloured elephant showed remarkable skill and sagacity, and we were all admiring his cleverness as he worked away just under the stand within a few yards of us. All at once

a frightful occurrence took place. The Mahout sitting on his shoulders dropped his goad, and the man behind him, who was the regular attendant on the beast, got down to pick it up. In an instant the elephant turned on him, seized him with his trunk, threw him down, knelt upon him and drove his tush (lower tooth), for he was not a tusker, right through his body. The tush was broken off by the violence of the blow. He then actually mashed him with his knees. The Mahout kept his seat all this time, but vainly urged the beast to rise. At last, having satiated his revenge, he got up and allowed himself, all dripping from the mouth with his victim's blood, to be driven out of the enclosure as quietly as if nothing had happened. It was a terrible scene close under the eyes of a number of ladies, who, as well as some of the men, were altogether upset. The Governor at once ordered the proceedings to be stopped for a couple of hours. The poor native's death was instantaneous, for he was crushed into a mass. It turned out afterwards that the elephant ought never to have been worked that day, as he had given unmistakeable signs of being "in must," and had always been more or less ill-tempered. The drivers, however, had no misgivings, and so the owner did not interfere. But the poor man who fell a victim ought to have had every cause for misgiving, as the elephant had an old grudge against him on account of ill-treatment, and had three times before attempted to kill him. An elephant does not forget ill-treatment, but will long bide his time.

On returning to the kraal the process of noosing was begun and was most admirably carried on. At the former kraal, owing to the jealousies of the drivers of elephants coming from different districts, there were constant failures and disappointments, and even when a noosing was effected the ropes seemed continually to break like pack-thread. When one considers the enormous weight of the captured animal and the strain of his struggling one way and the tame elephant another it seems a miracle that any rope can stand; but on the present occasion they did their work bravely. They were said to be made of cowhide. Two of the largest tamed elephants were furnished with these ropes, which were about forty feet long and fastened round their shoulders. When a favourable opportunity occurred and the herd of wild elephants was stopped and mixed in together, the nooser, rope in hand, entered the crowd with the most extraordinary courage, slipped it over the first hind leg

that was raised from the ground, and then with one tug the struggle began. One man particularly distinguished himself: he ran in front of the tame elephant to which he belonged, armed only with a spear, and several times turned with this weapon the attack of wild ones who resented his approach.

The levelling of the jungle was a shorter job than it seemed likely to be. The rushings to and fro of a herd of twenty-six wild elephants, for that number were enclosed, soon made the rough places smooth, and the noosing proceeded vigorously. The famous cow of whose fierceness we had heard so much was one of the captives. She had a very wee elephant at her foot, which we thought would every minute be smothered in the thick mud of a pond within the kraal which the captives had, by constantly running through it, worked up into a tenacious mass. The little fellow, however, struggled manfully for his liberty; but the poor mother had lost her courage, owing to the severity of her wounds, and soon gave in. Indeed there was but little resistance. Six weeks continual driving had taken the steel out of them. They looked thoroughly woe-begone and very sorry for themselves. One alone fought valiantly for his liberty. He was a large dark elephant and did not generally go with the herd but by himself. On several occasions, as the row of three or four tame elephants advanced towards him, he rushed at them—

“And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread—”

but his courage failed and he again retreated.

At last, however, he got his chance and did not miss it. Generally the pursuing elephants had a large tusker leading by about three parts of a length, and there was no hope of worsting him. This time a small one took the lead, it was less in height than the wild one, but strong and well fed. The moment the captive saw the change in the ranks he came on in right good earnest, dashed at the small one and gave him a blow with his trunk, a tremendous stroke and apparently overwhelming; but the little fellow stood it manfully, and, charging in turn, struck his antagonist with his forehead just in the shoulder and knocked him right back and down a bank near the scene of the encounter. The wild one never charged again, but was the last captured, and very dangerous. He perfectly understood all that was going on and made little of the devices to catch him. It was noticed that in his walks he always passed by a particular tree; in this a

native was perched, holding a rope with an open noose which lay on the ground, and which was covered with leaves. He at once walked up to it, pushed the leaves aside, took up the noose with his trunk and threw it out of his way contemptuously. He at last gave in from sheer exhaustion, and about a fortnight after the kraal was over I asked a Singalese gentleman whether it would ever be possible to train such a large and fierce animal?

"I bought him," said this gentleman, "at a high price, and he walked off two or three days after his capture to my estate about 50 miles away. He was in charge of two tame elephants. He is a most docile, intelligent fellow, and will soon be of great value."

The Governor's party left that evening, and in the two following days the remaining elephants were noosed, sold, and Kraal-town relapsed again into wilderness.

A great deal of adverse comment has been made on these kraals. It is said that they are cruel as regards the peasants who drive, the chiefs who are at expense in getting them up, and the elephants which are captured. I cannot accept any of these unfavourable criticisms. From all I can hear, both the peasants and the chiefs are greatly pleased at the rare chance which presents itself of carrying out a kraal. They took the opportunity of paying me the compliment of offering it to me, and I believe the suggestion was entirely their own. It may look as if strong compulsion were employed to keep from 1200 to 2000 men constantly beating for six weeks, but it must be remembered that these men were near their villages, that the work was very easy, in fact not work at all, and that the strong, hardy Kandyans are all intensely fond of field sports. As for the chiefs, their expenditure was but small, and they recouped much of it by the sale of the elephants. There was no mistake as to their intense enjoyment of it. It was amusing to see the great Kandyan magnate, whom we had admired the day before in his imposing costume, all gold and colour, now he was half naked, tattered, torn, perspiring, and almost hoarse from shouting, but still full of go and excitement. As I said before, the kraal is their great fair, their Derby, and they and all the population will be very glad to have another some years hence when an opportunity occurs. As for the elephants, if they had tongues to speak, and they certainly can do everything but speak, I am confident they would say, "If we are to be killed for sport or captured for use, let us by all means be captured by a kraal."

We shall be well taken care of for the rest of our lives, get a treat of sugar now and then which we dearly love, have to perform a moderate amount of work, for we are the best judges as to what we can do, and as for kind treatment, leave that to us; we are quite able to take care of ourselves, and if ill-used to 'know the reason why.'" It is true that about one in five is supposed to die of those captured in a kraal, either from pining or from wounds, though I did not hear of any that had died in the kraal just described, except the cow, which had been grievously wounded. On the other hand, of the elephants which are caught by license not more than two out of five survive. They are caught by trackers, who creep after them in the jungle, noose them, and tie them up to a tree. Many of those so tied up are left to die of absolute starvation, while the captors are hunting others; and many more perish by the wounds they receive in their struggles, as they cannot be tied up as effectually by the hunters as by the aid of tame elephants, and, of course, with the increased length of rope there are increased injuries in the struggle. If, therefore, elephants are wanted for the public service, or if they are becoming too numerous and too saucy in any particular district where the population is large enough to carry out a kraal, I should certainly prefer giving permission for their capture by that mode rather than by license, though, of course, if elephants must be caught in the wild and uninhabited districts this can only be done by hunters.

And now may I be permitted to say a few words about my poor, huge, affectionate, useful, clever favourites? I have the greatest attachment to them, and have in consequence seen much of them—or rather I should say, having seen much of them, I have conceived a great attachment to them. Some of them, I acknowledge, are like some of our friends—not quite as easy-going as they ought to be; somewhat capricious in temper, and too easily provoked. But I will venture to say if you take the first ten men you meet, and if you take the first ten elephants, and inquire carefully into the dispositions of each batch, you will find far more cantankerousness among the men than among the beasts. Now, I have no particular sentimentality for big beasts—a hippopotamus is a sensual, unattractive brute without affection; a rhinoceros is a malignant wretch, "*monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*," who hunts, and would gladly kill the keeper who feeds him daily; and it is impossible to conceive a more supercilious, dissatisfied, ever-grumbling, unlovable,

and unloving creature than the camel. I acknowledge that the way to an elephant's heart is through his stomach, but once touch that chord by means of your fruit-leavings—mango-stones, pine-apple rinds, overripe oranges, &c.—and you will see his little pig eyes gleaming on you with melting affection. There was an elephant named Bombera who was employed in constructing a stone dam, intended to close up a river, and thereby form a lake, at Newera Eliya in Ceylon. To watch this elephant working was one of the sights of the place. He first of all drew down from the quarry the huge stone that was to be used; he then undid the chain by which he had drawn it. He next proceeded to roll it with his forehead along the narrow stone embankment, or rather wall, till he fitted it exactly into its place. On one side of the wall was a precipice, on the other a deep lake. As the stone was being pushed by his forehead, it would at one time incline to the lake, at another, over the precipice; but he immediately made it straight again with his foot. He was doing as much work as ten men, far more quickly and with the accuracy of a skilled mason. On one occasion several friends were present watching the proceedings. There was a heavy sledge hammer lying on the ground, and some one asked if he would take it up and break a very large rock close to it. The officer in charge of the work said we were asking too much, but the Mahout, who heard the conversation, replied gravely, "Bombera can do and will do everything he is asked"; and he said something to the elephant, who took up the sledge as if it were a feather, and knocked the stone to pieces in a few minutes. "Now take your pipe and smoke it," said the Mahout; upon which the animal stuck the sledge in his mouth and walked off with it as if he was enjoying a morning smoke. My acquaintance with him soon ripened into deep affection on both sides. When he was first introduced to me, he was ordered to kneel and salaam by rubbing his forehead in the dust, and then to rise up and trumpet his greeting. After he had gone through his salutations, I gave him a basket full of fruit-leavings. The same proceedings took place for the next two or three days, and after that the moment he heard the bells of my ponies, nothing would restrain him; off he came to greet me, prostrated himself at my feet, rubbed his forehead in the dust, and trumpeted vigorously for his fruit. It was at first rather formidable, the charge of such a huge monster right down upon one; but there was no danger. He used generally to remain by my side while I was

looking at the work, and more than once I have felt something like a leaf touching my ear, and on looking up found that Bombera had advanced quite noiselessly, and was gently holding it in his trunk as a token of his love.

One of the first questions I asked on arriving subsequently in Ceylon was about my dear friend Bombera, and I heard with much regret that he had died some time ago of some internal complaint at the early age of thirty-five, universally loved and regretted.

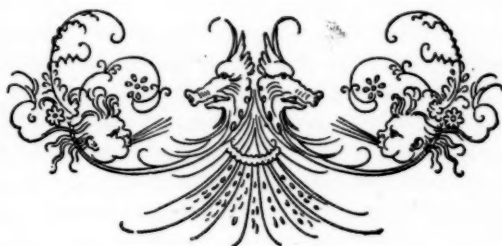
On another occasion I was down in the eastern province and was delighted with the intelligence and gentleness of a huge female elephant who was working at a new bridge. She really seemed able to do everything but speak, and was a thorough favourite of the whole pioneer force stationed on the spot. The officer in charge of the work told me a curious story. Some three or four years previously, this elephant had a young one—a very rare occurrence among elephants in captivity. She was perfectly devoted to her calf; but it died and she was inconsolable, and from being the gentlest creature she became irritable and even dangerous. One morning it was announced to the young officer that she had broken the chain which had confined her and had escaped into the forest. Trackers were sent out in every direction, but as wild elephants were in abundance all around it was impossible to trace her. The loss of such an animal was a heavy one, the works were much retarded, and there was general tribulation in consequence. One night, about ten days after the escape, the officer in question went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in the jungle some distance off. As he and his native attendant were returning early in the morning the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim grey light an elephant with her calf making her way along the newly formed road towards the camp. They both sprang behind trees and, when the elephants passed, the native insisted that it was their old friend. They hurried back as fast as they could and found the camp in a ferment. Sure enough the truant had returned, and she appeared to be quite as joyful as the rest of the assemblage, going from one to another and touching them with her trunk, and as if she were exhibiting her adopted child. There was a very pretty little elephant in the camp which used to run in and out of our hut, and I believe it was the one which she had either begged, borrowed, or stolen during her absence. Her good temper and usual docility completely returned at once.

In the year 1874, Princes Augustus and Philip of Saxe-Coburg paid a visit to Ceylon and expressed a wish to see elephants working. There were none belonging to the Department of Works at Kandy, where they were staying ; but the guardian of the temple lent a couple of the elephants belonging to it. They did everything they were ordered to do with their usual intelligence, carrying large stones wherever they were told to place them, fixing the chains to the stones and unfixing them ; but one of them, a tusker, on that occasion performed an act entirely of his own accord which greatly struck me. He was carrying a long and very heavy stone down a steep declivity. The stone was suspended from his neck by a chain, and as the chain was somewhat long the stone struck repeatedly against his knees. He stopped, made what sailors call a bight of the chain, gave it a roll round his tusk, and having thus shortened it carried the stone to its destination without further discomfort to his knees. What the Mahout said to him, or whether he said anything, I do not know ; but it is difficult to imagine that out of the eighty phrases which a very highly educated elephant is supposed to understand there would have been one framed for such an emergency as this, and, if there was not, surely it was the clearest exercise of the reasoning faculty pure and simple which prompted this act.

Many were the tales of strange and laudable doings by elephants which I heard from credible witnesses, and it is no wonder that my heart softened towards them, and that I determined to put a stop as far as I could to the indiscriminate and wanton slaughter of these useful and worthy animals which had hitherto prevailed. Of course it was quite right to kill trespassers in crops, and still more to kill rogue elephants whose ferocity and cunning rendered them a pest in whatever district they took up their quarters. But the days have passed when a slayer of elephants was a benefactor of a district, a second Hercules or Theseus in driving away wild beasts. In those days the natives had no fire-arms, so the beasts had much the best of it and ravaged the crops with tolerable impunity. The slayers of them therefore were universally revered, a reward was given for each tail, and men were spoken of as 100 tail, 200 tail men ; indeed, the famous Major Rogers is said to have slain over 1200 elephants. But now things are very different. Most natives have some kind of fire-arm ; and the elephants, who are extremely timid, rarely make a foray on cultivated lands, but

have retired into the depths of wild jungles, where they cannot do the slightest harm. I, therefore, while encouraging the destruction of rogues by liberal rewards, placed a heavy fine on the slaughter of inoffensive beasts without a license, which license had to receive the sanction of the Governor. No so-called sport can be more degrading, in my opinion, than the butchery of poor harmless cow-elephants and their little calves which play round the dead bodies of their mothers till they too are shot down. They have no ivory, they are not good to eat, they are inoffensive, and, generally speaking, the risk is about as great as going among a herd of short-horns and shooting them right and left. It is earnestly to be hoped that future Governors of Ceylon will have some regard for this noble and, for tropical work, invaluable race of animals—and it is mainly in the hope of enlisting sympathy in their fate that I have written this paper.

W. H. GREGORY.



Great-Aunt Sarah.

I.

SHE was knitting in a somewhat leisurely fashion before a comfortable fire in the old wainscoted parlour right under the portrait of her great-aunt Sarah. As she sat there no one could fail to be struck by the likeness between the living and the pictured face ; in both the same delicate oval shape and colourless tint, the same clear-cut aristocratic nose, great grey eyes and sensitive mouth, the same finely arched brows, black as the hair which shaded them. But with these outward features the resemblance ended. Miss Frances Latimer's had nothing of the fire, the indomitable energy and power of the older face ; there was more patience, gentleness and, if less pride, more soft and womanly dignity in the expression and bearing of the younger woman. With her slight tall figure bent a little forward in her high old-fashioned chair, her long white fingers moving gently about the coil of wool on her lap, Miss Frances, for all her thirty-three years, was a young and attractive picture enough. Her thoughts were wholly retrospective, and tinged with a little melancholy. She still wore mourning for her great-aunt Sarah, the last near relative she had in the world, the woman who had taken her as a pitiful little orphan to the old ancestral home, and had been all the father, mother, sister and brother the girl had ever known. The proud stern woman had idolized this child, the last member of one of the oldest families in the county, and had thought nothing too good for her darling. All that care and money could do had been done for the little Frances ; her education had been of the best, above her natural abilities indeed, and it had left her a well-bred gentlewoman with delicate and somewhat artistical tastes rather than a cultivated and brilliant genius. As the girl grew to womanhood her social position, the

fact that she would be something of an heiress, and, perhaps more than these, her dainty charm of person and manner, brought several suitors for her hand. She was gracious and kindly to all, but her heart remained untouched, and old Madam Latimer was well content to have it so. Her own married life had been none of the happiest ; she had had no children, and the current idea was that this disappointment had embittered her husband against her. Be this as it may, it is certain that his death left her with a soured, warped judgment of men and matrimony and it would have needed strong feeling on the part of Frances and super-excellent qualities on the part of her suitor to reconcile the old lady to her marriage with one of the despised sex. Birth, fortune, looks, morals and manners, must all be of the best in the man lucky enough to win Frances. As year after year went by and she reached her twenty-fifth still unmarried, the neighbours began to despair, when suddenly her Fate met her in the shape of a penniless sailor, the younger son of a country squire of no great social pretensions, who came on a visit to his cousins the Vicar of Latimer and his wife, and who fell head over ears in love with the daughter of the Great House at first sight of her on Sunday in the family pew. Frances, for her part, had seen a tall commanding figure, and a plain, frank face redeemed by unmistakeable intellect and a pair of extremely beautiful kindly eyes, and had little by little allowed herself to be won by a finer nature and cleverer mind than any that had yet paid court to her. The relations between the Great House and the Vicarage were all that was pleasant and cordial ; Mr. and Mrs. Graham spent at least one evening every week with Madam and Miss Frances, or *vice versa*, and common courtesy demanded the extension of welcome to their guest, the young lieutenant. Then Frances had her district to visit, and this necessarily entailed running into the Vicarage on the way and asking advice from the Vicar, or good Mrs. Graham. Of these opportunities, it is needless to say, Jack Fanshawe availed himself liberally and yet with such happy tact that Madam Latimer never even suspected the state of affairs between the young people ; so blind are we when we most need our eyes.

If good Mrs. Graham had her suspicions she kept them to herself. Jack had not taken her into his confidence, and as yet his love-making, though serious enough, had been of a tacit, undemonstrative character upon which one could not easily dogmatize. She did not see how he could very well speak

plainly ; his position as a penniless sailor with nothing to look to outside his profession made it impossible.

His prospects in his profession were bright enough ; he had always succeeded in everything he undertook from his first attempts to walk and talk, but his expectations were hardly proportionate to Frances Latimer's birth and fortune. But in reasoning thus Mrs. Graham overlooked the very qualities which had hitherto been the main factors in Fanshawe's success—a simple directness of purpose, a quiet knowledge of his own power and strength of will, and a fine youthful scorn of mere worldly obstacles.

Jack, though a modest man, had some reason to think that Frances cared for him, and he was not going to leave Latimer without securing, if possible, the greatest desire of his life, the woman he loved. The night before his departure he and the Grahams dined at the Great House. He had had a telegram that afternoon calling him home, but neither Mrs. Latimer nor Frances had any idea of his intention of leaving.

He determined to speak to the latter some time during the evening, and as usual fortune favoured him. Owing to some little *contretemps* in the kitchen, dinner was delayed for half an hour, and as the evening was fine Madam proposed a stroll about the garden and a look at her roses, of which she was justly proud. The garden was bounded and crossed by walks hedged in with old yews, some ten or twelve feet high, and down one of these alleys, out of sight of the elders still appraising roses on the lawn, Jack contrived to lead Miss Latimer. The sunset was still red above them, and the air was sweet with the scent of lavender and roses. Into the bosom of her simple white gown Frances had fastened a deep red carnation, it was the only touch of colour about her. As she moved slowly down the walk, her soft skirts trailing behind her, she looked so like some lovely, innocent angel, that Jack's purpose fell before a sense of his own shortcomings and a reverence for her purity. All his bold plans crumbled to nothing but a confused feeling of impotence, a tongue-tied helplessness very foreign to his nature. He paced beside her, looking anywhere but at her. Frances made no effort to break the silence between them (she was always a quiet person), and at last in sheer desperation he said abruptly :

"I am going away for good to-morrow."

"Going away !"

The sudden uplifting of her startled grey eyes, the touch of

surprised pain in her voice, the rush of colour to her pale face, betrayed Frances's secret. Another moment more and she knew that she had betrayed herself. In an agony of shame she moved away from him, but the brief sight of her face as she turned unlocked Fanshawe's tongue.

He caught her hand and drew her towards him with gentle force.

"My darling little girl—Frances! tell me you love me before I go! Tell me I may hope! I never, never can tell you how much I love you; how I worship and reverence you! Frances, speak to me! don't keep me in suspense!" he added, his eagerness lending a touch of command to his voice.

For all answer Frances lifted her sweet proud face, pale now with a feeling too deep for shame or blushes, and looked him straight in the eyes. For a moment he held her so, and then caught her in his arms.

It was a night of heaven to both, and how they came down to earth and the exigencies of common life and society they never knew. But do what she would, Frances could not hide the new light on her face, the unusual absence of mind, the fitful glance and ready blush. At last Madam's eyes were opened, and her anger grew with every look at the happy young creatures. That Fanshawe, a penniless nobody, should have dared to make his love so evident that a proud gentlewoman like her great-niece (great-aunt Sarah did justice to Miss Latimer's delicacy and breeding even in her anger) should have made it clear that she returned it, left the old lady pale and speechless with indignation. The Grahams felt a storm in the air, and despite Jack's pleading looks and remonstrances hurried home as early as they decently could, and on Frances's head fell all the torrents of her great-aunt's wrath. They were not the lighter for the fact that Madam, throughout, never once forgot her dignity; it seemed indeed to lend bitterness to her reproaches and point to her sarcasms. All the gallant gentlemen whom Frances had refused were brought up in formidable array against this new pretender for her hand.

Dutiful, patient and gentle Frances remained throughout the tirade, but to one point she was firm. Mr. Fanshawe loved her and she loved him; she would never marry anyone else, and she would marry him whenever he was ready for her. The old lady parted with her niece that night in cold displeasure.

"Am I to expect the honour of a visit from Mr. Fanshawe

before he leaves?" she asked bitterly, as she stood at her bedroom door; "or is this affair to be conducted on modern principles—without reference to those in authority?"

"Mr. Fanshawe said he would write both to you and me," replied Frances timidly.

But the days went by and lengthened into weeks, and there came no sign of a letter from the young lieutenant. The Grahams went off for their yearly holiday, and Frances had no courage to speak to her great-aunt after her first attempt to learn whether that lady had heard from Fanshawe.

"If Mr. Fanshawe writes to me it is to be presumed that he will write to you," was all the answer she received.

Her heart sank within her; hope deferred and yet not quite abandoned began to tell upon her health. Then it was that Madam changed her manner; she appealed to her niece's pride; Fanshawe was evidently a heartless trifler, and was she, the last of an old and honoured name, to fling away her heart and her self-respect after a man who had long since forgotten her? Mrs. Latimer softened the blows she inflicted by a renewed tenderness and care for Frances, and the double appeal to her woman's pride and her filial love was not made in vain. Pride forbade her to unburden her heart to Mrs. Graham; Fanshawe never again visited his relations, and it was only accidentally that his promotion and success came to her ears. She was glad of it for his sake, but still more for her own. Captain Fanshawe did not seem the same person as the young lieutenant, and it was easier to forget him in his new and unfamiliar dignity. Little by little she regained her old calm of mind and manner; Fanshawe was banished from her thoughts and, as she hoped, from her heart. But hers was a faithful nature, and if she could not bear to dwell upon the scene in the yew alley, at least she could not repeat it with another lover.

II.

Miss Latimer rose slowly from her chair by the fire and with a little sigh of reluctance laid her work aside and crossed the room to an old oak bureau that stood sideways in the broad bay window, and drawing out the wooden rests, unlocked and let down the flap, thereby discovering a pile of tradesmen's books and letters to be answered. She sat down and attacked them with more virtue than goodwill, and was deep in the problem of

weights and measures in relation to pounds, shillings and pence, when something leaped suddenly upon the table beside her, almost upsetting the inkstand and dashing the pen from her hand. "That strange grey cat again!" cried she with an accent of vexation due more to the trials of housekeeping and accounts than to the presence of the cat, which was rubbing its head against her shoulder with a deep purr of pleasure. Miss Frances was extremely fond of animals, and when the said grey cat mysteriously made its appearance some days previously, she had not had the heart to drive it away. There was something in its size and stately movements, a calm superiority in its big grey eyes, which made the necessary adjuncts of departure—the brickbats and "shoo cats!"—assume a sort of moral incongruity almost amounting to a crime. Anyhow, the grey cat stayed on in the great house and appeared to have a special fondness for the wainscoted parlour and the company of Miss Frances. It was, however, a dignified and undemonstrative creature, and it gave Miss Latimer a kind of mental shock to find that it could coax and purr after the fashion of the veriest kitchen kitten. It seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in the connection of the lady and the bureau, and rubbed alternately against the shoulder of one and the front of the other as if it had found a secret affinity between them. The interior of the bureau was lined with drawers, three on either side, and above them again with pigeon-holes full of letters, docketed bills, etc. The central drawer had a hanging handle of quaintly-carved brass, and with this the cat gravely played, patting it softly as it would have done a mouse. Miss Frances watched it for some time, half fascinated by its grace and by a puzzling sense of recognition. Where had she seen the grey cat before? It had the familiarity of an old friend. All at once the creature turned from the handle, and, lifting its head with an air of solemn pride, looked straight at Miss Latimer. With a mingling of pain and amusement, the reason for her perplexity flashed across her. As far as a cat can resemble a human being, in so far was the grey cat the very image of great-aunt Sarah.

Miss Latimer's amusement gave way to a consciousness of something like irreverence; the look of proud affection in the cat's eyes became unbearable, and with a little shudder she lifted it off the table, set it gently on the floor and turned deliberately to her books. The cat made no attempt to disturb her again, and she gradually shook off the feeling of discomfort

it had caused her. Book after book was added up and laid on one side and the sum total of each set on a slip of paper till at last Miss Latimer loosened from her chatelaine a bunch of keys and proceeded to fit one into the middle drawer and open it. The drawer stuck and the force necessary to move it pulled it right out of its place in the bureau. Instead of replacing it Miss Frances set it down beside her and drew her cheque-book out of it. The rattle of the hanging handle as she did so must have attracted the cat, for it leaped swiftly up into its old place upon the flap and began to scratch and sniff in the empty receptacle for the drawer. So intent was it upon this that at last Miss Latimer's curiosity was roused. She observed that the cat continued to pat and sniff at one side only of the hollow.

Could there be a mouse in it? Impossible. The hollow was clear and there was no hole or room for any animal larger than a fly.

The cat, seeing that her notice was attracted, left the hole and with beseeching eyes rubbed against Miss Latimer's shoulder. The latter bent down and carefully examined the hollow; nothing was to be seen. She put her hand in and felt all round the sides. A thrill of excitement went through her, for assuredly something had moved against her touch; she pressed more closely and deliberately and a small, deep drawer sprang out into the open space. She drew it out upon the flap and saw that it was full of letters on the top of which lay a folded slip of paper sealed with her great-aunt Sarah's seal. It had no vestige of writing or address upon it, and Miss Latimer held it in her hand, hesitating whether to open it or not, when suddenly her eye fell upon the letters. She took them up and saw that they were all in the same handwriting—clever, decided and obviously that of a man—and that they all bore the same address:

TO MISS FRANCES LATIMER,
The Great House,
Latimer,
Northamptonshire.

"Miss Frances Latimer?" For a moment or two she wondered in a confused, foolish kind of fashion who this Miss Frances Latimer might be; then suddenly a mental illumination, an intuition lucid as a certainty, struck her with sharp pain.

They were Jack Fanshawe's letters, and they were meant for her!

A tumult of passions swept her quiet soul; curiosity, indignation and re-awakened love. She trembled like a leaf and the cat, evidently frightened at her emotion, sprang down from the table and took refuge under a sofa.

For some minutes Frances sat, the letters before her, the sealed paper in her hand, too shaken and confused to think or act, but at last she rose, moved to the fireplace and deliberately broke the seal and unfolded the slip of paper. It was written all over in her great-aunt's fine Italian hand, close, minute, but clear as print.

Frances gave one look at the face above her looking calmly and proudly down upon her agitation, and with a sudden hardening of eyes and heart began to read.

"Should this secret drawer and its contents ever come to the eyes of my great-niece, Frances Mary Latimer, or of any of my descendants, it is necessary to my honour and that of our house that there should be some explanation of its existence. I shall not speak here of the love and hopes which I, an old and weary woman, have centred upon Frances; she best knows how great they were.

"She also knows in some sort my repugnance to matrimony and my innate distrust of men. If I could have done so consistently with my loyalty towards our house and name, I would have kept her unmarried. As it was, I desired to see her marry one who would consent to take her name, and whose birth and fortune at least equalled her own. Years went by and she refused many so-called eligible offers, and I had begun to reconcile my sense of loyalty with my natural wishes and to look forward to a future for my child, honourable, peaceful, and undisturbed by the chances and uncertainties of married life.

"These hopes for the future were rudely dispelled by a suitor for her hand who found favour with her, a Mr. Jack Fanshawe. I failed to see that he could have any attraction for her; he had neither good looks nor fine fortune to dazzle with, and I had no anxiety about their frequent opportunities of meeting. That a young man who had no position or means should venture to make open love to my niece was a possibility which I, with my old-fashioned ideas of honour and duty, never contemplated even for an instant."

The swift blood rushed to Miss Latimer's face, and her lips curled contemptuously.

"I ought to have known how little weight such words as 'honour' and 'duty' would have with the son of Lucy Fanshawe. I have no wish to speak evil of the dead, even though through her came the bitterest sorrow of my life, the alienation of my husband's affections; but she was at best a careless, heartless woman, and I was thankful she

never paid but one visit to our neighbourhood. In that one visit she contrived to ruin all my happiness, and, though I hope I have forgiven her, I cannot trust one of her name and blood. After he left Latimer, Mr. Fanshawe wrote me two letters urging his suit with Frances; to her he wrote no less than six times. His letters to me I have burnt, they were mine and were of value to no one else; but my sense of honour forbade me to destroy or read letters addressed to my niece. I have therefore no knowledge of their contents, and can only beg that those into whose hands they may fall will destroy them unread if my niece should happen to be dead, or hand them over to her if living. I hope and believe that the pain I shall have cost her by withholding these letters will be amply compensated and atoned for by the suffering I shall thereby have spared her. As the wife of Mr. Fanshawe she could never have been happy, and her happiness is now my only care and thought.

“SARAH FORDYCE LATIMER.”

The paper fell from Miss Latimer's hands, and with passionate eagerness she caught at the letters. They were arranged in order of date, and all bore the stamp of a manly and honourable passion. The two first were glowing outbursts of a love which the writer said he “had hardly dared speak of to her in first blessed realization that it was returned.” The third was still tender, but full of reproach for her silence; the fourth showed a just and growing resentment, and the fifth coldly relinquished a suit to which her continual silence was nothing less than an insult. Nevertheless in the last letter, which was dated two years later than the others, the writer told her that he had obtained promotion, and that, with a legacy left him by an uncle, justified him, he thought, in renewing his entreaties. A spirit of pride as great as Madam's own breathed in the later letters, and it was evident that the persistent silence of the woman he loved had at last worn out Captain Fanshawe's patience. Frances laid the letters on a stool near the fire, and sinking down beside them burst into an agony of weeping. She was torn with conflicting emotions, resentment against her great-aunt fought with an acute sense of the pathos of the lonely old lady's great love for her; Fanshawe's tenderness and pride, the thought of all he must have endured at her innocent hands, the memory of those eight years during which she might at least have had the happiness of his love, all crowded upon her with overwhelming bitterness and confusion. How long she lay and wept she could not have told; she was wakened from her trance of passion, by a soft touch upon her hand and a pitiful wail. They came from

the grey cat who had jumped upon her knee and was exhibiting every sign of dumb sympathy with her trouble.

Miss Latimer rose quickly to her feet and drove the poor animal from her with inconsequent anger; she felt she must vent her wild sense of injury upon someone, and was not the cat the cause of her knowledge of that injury? With trembling hands she gathered the letters and paper together and laid them again in the secret drawer and returned it to its place.

The cat still continued to miouw piteously, and Miss Frances, who was at heart a tender creature, suddenly felt a quick revulsion of feeling towards it. It was unjust to make a scapegoat of a mere dumb animal. She went down on her knees and coaxed the cat to come to her. It crept up in a half timid, half caressing fashion, and she took it up in her arms and stroked it gently. It was a consolation to have the love and sympathy even of a cat.

III.

'Mrs. Graham, please,—Miss Frances;' with which introductory formula peculiar to herself, Ainley, the parlour-maid, ushered in the Vicar's wife, beaming with smiles and laden with parish magazines.

Miss Latimer went to meet her with eager pleasure and kissed her warmly. The shock of the morning had left her nerves vibrating, and her manner showed that she was still under the influence of some strong emotion.

Mrs Graham noticed this touch of excitability—she was a person who prided herself upon her powers of observation—and her curiosity was roused.

Frances had felt Mrs. Latimer's death deeply, as was to be expected of one of her still and faithful nature, but she had not been demonstrative, or overstrung in her sorrow. Besides, ten months' mourning might be supposed to take the edge off grief for one's great-aunt, and she such an old lady too. Mrs. Graham would give worlds to find out why Frances showed such unusual agitation; it took her back in memory eight years, to the night before Jack Fanshawe left the Vicarage in radiant spirits, suggesting many interesting possibilities, but confessing to nothing. His subsequent silence on the subject of Frances had at first greatly irritated Mrs. Graham, who had all her sex's curiosity

and interest in love matters ; but one forgets many things in eight years, and Mrs. Graham had practically forgotten the whole affair till this moment. The Vicar and his wife had made several attempts to induce Fanshawe to renew his visit, on those occasions which found him on shore, but finding him obdurate they had given up asking him to Latimer, and of late years he had very seldom been in England. Mrs. Graham had suspected Frances as the reason for her cousin's disinclination to revisit the Vicarage, and she now determined to sound her—with tact and discretion be it understood.

"How nice to see a fire !" she began, throwing aside her circular cloak and letting Miss Latimer relieve her of her bundle of papers. "We are still trying to think it is summer and haven't begun fires except at night ; but these September days have a touch of winter in them, and I really think I shall begin a fire in the dining-room next Monday."

It was one of Mrs. Graham's little idiosyncrasies to begin everything on a Monday.

"Yes, it does look comfortable," rejoined Frances, moving restlessly about the room. "I am rather a chilly mortal, you know," she added.

"By-the-bye," remarked Mrs. Graham, with apparent irrelevance, but in reality pursuing an undercurrent of thought, "you remember Jack Fanshawe, my husband's cousin ?"

"Perfectly well," replied Frances, as simply as if Jack Fanshawe had been a topic of daily conversation for the last eight years. Her mind had been so occupied with the thought of him, that Mrs. Graham's abrupt question fell quite naturally upon her ears. That good lady experienced a pang of keen disappointment—her little shaft had failed of the mark ; but she had another in her quiver.

"We are hoping for a visit from him in a few days," she continued carelessly, but eying Frances as a cat might a mouse. This time she was satisfied.

Miss Latimer turned quickly to the fire under the pretence of poking it, but not so quickly that Mrs. Graham could not see the blush that dyed her face and the trembling of her hands.

"We haven't seen him for eight years ; not since he was last here, in fact. He was a charming fellow, didn't you think ?"—A confused murmur from Frances encouraged the Vicar's wife to further efforts.—"I wonder if he is much changed ? It seems strange, doesn't it that, he should never have married, he is just

the sort of man to make a perfect husband, and he has met so many delightful girls, and with his position, he might so easily have married. His mother and sisters adore him," she continued, a little discomposed by Miss Latimer's persistent silence and attention to the fire.

"His mother—Lucy Fanshawe!" came involuntarily to Frances's lips; "do you know her? I fancied she was dead," she said, rising and seating herself near Mrs. Graham with her back to the tell-tale afternoon light.

"Oh! Lucy Fanshawe wasn't Jack's mother; he is the only son of the second Mrs. Fanshawe, a very different person to poor Lucy. I knew them both. Lucy was a poor creature; pretty, you know, in the sort of style men admire, but a silly, empty-headed little thing. How a superior man like Mr. Fanshawe ever came to marry such a woman I never could understand," cried Mrs. Graham, waxing virtuously indignant over such a waste of good things.

"I thought it was just the kind of thing superior men always did," suggested Frances with a fine smile. Her heart leapt up at the thought that she need no longer connect her old lover with the woman who had wronged her Great-aunt Sarah.

"Well, he made up for it, by marrying Mary Majendie," continued Mrs. Graham; "Jack gets his sweet, loveable nature from her and most of his cleverness. She's a delightful woman. Plainer than Lucy, but the sort of woman who fascinates you, so that you don't think how she looks. She must have spoilt her son for marrying; he won't easily find another woman like his mother."

"No, of course he won't," stammered Frances, hurriedly, conscious of saying something peculiarly futile in her desire to take a natural tone in the conversation.

"I used to think you had something to do with it, my dear," Mrs. Graham hazarded this suggestion with a sort of timid archness, and was not encouraged by the way in which Miss Latimer received it. The flush on her delicate face deepened; she drew herself up, rose, and ringing the bell, said coldly and with an evident desire of conveying a rebuke to her too officious friend:

"Are you ready for tea, Mrs. Graham?"

"Whenever you like, my dear," replied the poor lady in accents of conciliating meekness, and the conversation promptly flowed into shallower and safer channels.

"You've got a new cat, I see," remarked Mrs. Graham to Ainley, as the latter opened the front door to her half an hour later.

"Yes, mum, a stray cat it is, but it's a fine animal, a handsome proud-like creature, and walks about for all the world as if the whole place belonged to it. I says to cook this morning," continued the privileged old servant, lowering her voice with a cautious glance at the parlour door. "I says, to Martha, 'If that there cat isn't the living image of old Madam, I should like to know what it is!' And she says to me, 'Lor, Ainley! so it is, though I can't say as I ever noticed it afore you mentioned it?' Look at it now, mum, a-crossing the 'all!' Mrs. Graham glanced at the cat, gravely and solemnly pacing the passage, and gave a little confidential laugh.

"Don't say that to Miss Frances," she said, as she gathered up her skirts and took her departure.

"Dear no, mum!" ejaculated Ainley, with a toss of her head.

"Mrs. Graham don't think nobody has any sense but herself," she muttered, as she turned away to the kitchen.

Certainly Mrs. Graham did not credit the Vicar with sufficient discretion and tact to be admitted into her secret suspicions of the state of Miss Latimer's affections. She merely hastened the invitation he had proposed to give his cousin, and seconded it so warmly that Captain Fanshawe was left without an excuse for refusing it short of absolute rudeness. He was ashore for some time, and he had never ceased to profess the most affectionate feeling for his cousins. He could not well get out of it, thought Mrs. Graham. How far his acceptance of her hospitality—for he did accept it very graciously—was due to a certain postscript to her letter must be left to conjecture.

"I wonder if you remember pretty Frances Latimer? She is as pretty as ever, and nicer if possible, but she is left in a very solitary position by the death of old Mrs. Latimer, though I suspect the dear old lady was a bit of a dragon, and that Frances will be the gainer in the matter of liberty."

Suffice it to say that Captain Fanshawe came down to Latimer the week after Mrs. Graham's somewhat unsuccessful attempts to sound Frances on his behalf. He was browner and broader, and, his cousins thought, handsomer than in the old days; he talked less and the expression of his face was sterner, but the frank smile and kind eyes were unchanged.

Mrs. Graham found him very attractive. How would Frances take him? That was the one thought uppermost in the good woman's mind.

Captain Fanshawe had asked after her and had agreed quite quietly to a proposition that he should call with Mrs. Graham upon her, but when it came to the point of taking him, Mrs. Graham had a queer sinking at heart which she wouldn't have confessed to for worlds. Captain Fanshawe was embarrassingly silent during their walk up to the Great House, and Mrs. Graham was reduced to a fragmentary monologue, for her cousin's half-absent monosyllables could scarcely be said to constitute a conversation. Between her struggles to talk and appear at ease and her curiosity and anxiety the poor lady worked herself into a perfect fever, and it was with an extraordinary sense of relief that, as they walked up the drive, she espied Frances gathering roses on the lawn. There were topics of conversation and chances of escape from dilemmas in the open air and the big garden not to be hoped for between the four walls of a sitting-room.

She called out while still far off to Miss Latimer, wishing to give her the benefit of the distance between them in which to quiet any possible agitation.

Frances looked up with a start and came slowly towards them. She had on a gown of some soft woollen stuff of a light grey colour which hung in straight, simple folds round her slender figure; her face was shaded by a big garden hat, and her hands were full of autumn roses. She was the very Frances of eight years ago, and it seemed to Fanshawe that Time must have been playing a trick upon him. His heart went out to her with all the old tenderness and a new feeling of reverent pity when he saw the pained timidity of her glance. She shook hands with both and hoped Mrs. Graham would come in and have some tea. Mrs. Graham asked nothing better, but it was no part of her programme to leave the great sunny garden, instinct as it was with interesting memories and possibilities. Might they not first walk round the rose garden?

"You cannot have forgotten how lovely the roses are here," she said, appealing to Fanshawe.

"I have forgotten nothing," he replied with quiet intention.

A painful flush dyed Miss Latimer's face, and her lips quivered, but she mastered her emotion and led them across the lawn to a strip of garden still bright and fragrant with late roses.

"They are almost over now," she said gently; "Captain Fanshawe should have seen them a month ago, shouldn't he, Mrs. Graham?"

"Ah! they were perfect then," ejaculated the Vicar's wife. "By-the-bye, dear, I see Johnson coming down the side walk; may I just go and speak to him about our new chants? Johnson is our best bass," she explained, "and I promised Tom I would see him. You show Captain Fanshawe the rest of the garden."

"With pleasure," murmured Miss Latimer, but her tone was the reverse of delighted, and Mrs. Graham felt that her little ruse lacked the finesse on which she prided herself. She must leave her companions in a more natural manner.

"Oh! Frances, I quite forgot to ask after that strange grey cat. How is it?" she enquired airily.

"Oh! I am so unhappy about it," cried Frances, catching eagerly at any pretext for detaining her friend; "it has disappeared as mysteriously as it came, and we are afraid it must have been caught in a trap."

"No doubt, no doubt; poor thing, I *am* sorry," and so saying the Vicar's wife edged gradually away, leaving Frances in an agony of nervous embarrassment. Captain Fanshawe looked at her for a moment and mastered a wild desire to take her then and there in his arms, regardless of Johnson and the Vicar's wife.

"Will you show me the yew alleys again?" he asked with studied carelessness. He was half afraid she might run away from him.

"If you like," she faltered, leading the way with hurried steps.

Fanshawe followed her, making no attempt to speak until they were fairly between the high green walls of the memorable walk where he had first told her he loved her. Suddenly he stopped; she was trembling so that she could hardly stand. He came close to her, looking down at the shrinking grey figure.

"Frances, do you remember?"

She lifted her hand to her throat as if to compel her voice, and to still its throbbing.

"Will you forgive me?" she whispered, in broken, humble tones.

"I will forgive you on one condition," he said, taking her hands in his strong clasp. Frances raised her eyes questioningly;

what she saw in his made her quickly lower them. "I will forgive you, my beloved, if you will only tell me that you care for me a little still," he pleaded, passionately.

"But I wronged you so; you have forgotten," sobbed Frances.

"What do I care?" he cried, taking her in his arms. "Don't cry, my darling; for Heaven's sake, don't cry! Those eight years are a dream; it was last night you said you loved me, my Frances. Let me hear it again!"

"I love you, I have always loved you. Ah! if you knew! It was all a dreadful mistake. I must explain, I must tell you!"

"You shall tell me what you like when you are Mrs. Fanshawe," laughed Jack in the fulness of his joy. "It would spoil the illusion now. I am still a penniless lieutenant, and you are my little Frances, not a bit less shy for all the eight years. Let us forget them."

"You are very generous," Miss Latimer murmured, "you take me without a word to show that I did not treat you as shamefully as you must think. Oh! I must explain, please."

"I believe you will have no peace till you have made a full confession. There's a seat just behind you; come, now for your sins!"

"They weren't my sins——"

"I thought as much," interposed the Captain.

"And you must promise me you will not be angry, or speak harshly about the person who separated us."

"My dear child, remember I am human!"

"I can't tell you if you won't promise, Jack,"—the effort at familiarity cost Frances a very lovely blush. "Please, for my sake."

"I will if you will kiss me," replied Fanshawe, boldly.

"Ah! you are unkind," cried Frances, with a still deeper blush, and moving a little away from him.

"Well, there, I promise. But I will claim payment afterwards. Begin!"

But when the tale of great-aunt Sarah's iniquity was unfolded to him, Jack found it hard to keep his word. He rose abruptly from the seat, leaving Frances trembling and fearful, and paced stormily up and down the green alley. At last he came and sat down beside her and turned to her with his usual, frank, kind smile.

"My dearest, don't look at me so pitifully; we will forgive and forget it all, if you so wish it. But I shall claim my reward!"

* * * *

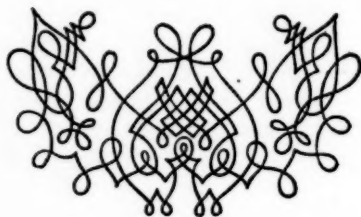
POSTSCRIPT.

Two years later, Captain and Mrs. Fanshawe were dining with some friends in town, and as the party was a small one and made up of congenial spirits, conversation flowed freely and touched on many subjects. At last it came round to the theory of the transmigration of souls. One of the party, a clever young lawyer, defended it with quaint insistence, and not a little plausibility, and Fanshawe was amused to see his pretty wife eagerly drinking in every word of the young man's arguments.

"Sinclair put the case very strongly for our friend Pythagoras," he remarked to her as they drove home; "has he quite converted you?"

"Don't laugh," she entreated, "but I was thinking all the time of that strange, grey cat. If I believed in it, you know—I mean the doctrine of transmigration—I should think that cat was great-aunt Sarah, who wanted to bring us together again!"

Captain Fanshawe must have been still very much in love, for he received this remarkable statement with perfect gravity.



Mr. Toppie Johnson.

CHAPTER I.—THE MINING CAMP.

IN the early spring of 1874 it was my fortune to find myself in the city of San Diego, Southern California, a new-comer to the country, with no business shackles, a seeker primarily of health, secondarily of wealth. Having no ties to bind me, I determined to commence, after my own fashion, the exploration of the neighbouring country. There was no lack of natural beauty to tempt the wanderer, whether on the side of the blue Pacific on the West, of the snow-capped mountains on the East, the verdure of the alfolleria-covered plains or the splendour of the semi-tropical skies.

For the wanderer in this lovely climate, a horse is the first and almost the only essential. My steed purchased, at a most moderate figure, I needed but blankets, a Spanish saddle and bridle, saddle-bags, some sixty feet of half-inch rope, a compact store of provisions, and I was ready to go anywhere.

I started off towards the mountains in the direction of the Julian mines, intending to work through the foot-hills to San Bernardino. On the third day I was making my way slowly, about dusk, among the beautiful and variously wooded country, looking about me for some roughly-sheltered corner where I might pass the night, when I came upon a camping-party of some fifteen persons. I hesitated for a moment whether to throw myself on their hospitality and society, but for a moment only—the ringing laughter and merry voices, as I came nearer, were too great a temptation to be resisted after my three days of solitude.

As I drew rein one of the party accosted me: "Won't you alight?" he said, making me free of this country which, under Heaven, had no other owner than the Government of the United States.

I thanked the speaker and proceeded to tie my horse to a tree. Upon this my hospitable friend came forward and remarked conjecturally: "Reckon you're lost!"

I answered that to all intents and purposes I was; that I had not the least idea of my whereabouts, but that it did not greatly signify, for my present journey was without any intents and purposes. I was content to be lost.

"Well, make yourself at home, any way," said he. "Let me introduce you to the crowd" (in an assemblage of more than two persons any one of them, being a Western man, would always speak of the others as "the crowd").

"Boys," said my friend, to the company, "let me introduce you to Mr.—what did you say your name was?"

I said that I did not remember that I had mentioned it, but at once told him, and was forthwith introduced to each member of the company in turn. I found myself in remarkably good society—a professor, a judge, two doctors (introduced as "Doc" this, and "Doc" that, respectively), two colonels and three generals. You may remember that Mark Twain claims to have met the only man who ever confessed to the rank of private in the "War." But then Mark Twain was a humorist. He may have invented him as a practical joke. You cannot trust humorists. It was a curious thing, in this Republican land where all men are equal, that in this queer crew I had lit on, in this wild country of the foot-hills, but two of the whole party were without a title. Of these two, one was a young lawyer, with whose baptismal register I never got any further than "Dick," the other was by name Toppie Johnson. Now Toppie Johnson was the backbone of the expedition, he was a practical man—a miner, I was assured, of remarkable judgment and integrity. For this was the object of the expedition, mining—to disembowel from the jealous earth its precious treasures of silver and gold, or what of value it might contain. This it was—or rather to prospect for such riches—like a dog for truffles—that had brought from their cities these men of war, law and learning, whom now I saw seated around a log-fire, beneath a spur of the foot-hills, practising the fascinating culinary mystery of making "slap-jacks." These men were proficient at the art. It was I in whose initiation they all at once took a paternal interest.

The materials of the slap-jack are as simple as an *ingénue*: Flour and water mixed into a dough and placed on a frying-pan, with a little grease at the bottom. Hold the frying-pan over

the stove or fire till the slap-jack is cooked on its lower side. There is scope now for much nice judgment to catch the critical—once lost, never to be recovered—moment, when the invisible lower side of the slap-jack is just done to a turn. And then the turn comes—and the crux of the whole mystery. For you have to chuck the slap-jack flying into the air with a twist of the wrist that shall make it turn a somersault in its flight, and land again with a “slap” and a “smack,” that is doubtless the origin of its name, cooked-side uppermost, fair and square on the face of the frying-pan. Then you hold the thing over the fire again till the present underside is cooked, and then you burn your mouth eating it too hot! And, I tell you, it is good! There is no fancy bread in England that is a circumstance to it. And if it is good fun eating it, that is nothing at all to the fun of making it—throwing it up and catching it. It is the best sport ever invented. The first three or four tries I kept throwing my slap-jacks all about the country round; but then I caught the knack of it, and should have liked to go on catching slap-jacks all day long. After the first try or two I used to be allowed, as a great privilege, to make these slap-jacks for the general and the judge.

My first surmise was right. These miners were a jolly crew. Not too much of the practical miner about them, as it seemed to me. But the yarns they told—of pumpkin vines that grew so fast that they dragged the pumpkins round the field after them, and you had to gallop after them on horseback to overtake and pluck them! They never seemed to be at an end of their yarns, or their faculty for invention.

And the whisky that they drank! I strongly suspected that the main inducement which brought many of the party away from their stuffy city offices was the increased capacity, in the fine mountain air, of the human frame for whisky.

And Toppie Johnson—that practical miner whose shrewd judgment, inflexible morality, and love of sheer hard work—I was told it was hard to over-estimate—he was indeed the backbone of the party. He could play the fiddle and flute, and dance jigs and hornpipes and fandangoes, and sing songs humorous or pathetic, or with a seductive blending of the two.

Never a cross word did I hear from any one of the party, during the ten days or more that I enjoyed their unbounded hospitality, save on one occasion when Dick and Toppie in skylarking came into collision with a great demijohn of whisky. The glass bottle, though protected by its wicker casing, broke,

and all its vast possibilities for benefit to poor humanity were wasted on the thirsty soil. Then the language was sulphurous indeed. It was the last demijohn. Very sadly did we throw and catch our slap-jacks at supper that evening—after the meal we sat around in gloomy silence. The night, as if in harmony with our mood, was dark as pitch. No one seemed to have the spirit to throw a log on the dying fire and cheer the glim. Then in the dark silence, the judge was heard to clear his throat, as though it suffered from unwonted dryness, and addressing the company at large, said, in slow measured tones: "I believe I've had enough of mining, anyway. Let's go home. Our wives will be wanting us. What do you say, general?"

"I'm with you, judge," said the general solemnly, as if he were announcing the doom of a court-martial.

I could not stand that. I lay back on the grass and let my feelings loose in peals of laughter.

It showed a want of delicacy, may be, to laugh when the occasion was so solemn. It was pointed out to me in reproachful comments that my behaviour was in bad taste. But I could but laugh the more, and as a sense of the humour of the situation dawned upon the party, which could not long remain in poor spirits, they all joined in my laughter, though the joke was at their own expense.

But I felt I owed them something, and early the next morning saddled my horse, and riding to a store some twenty-five miles distant, returned with a canteen full of whisky, like a Lancelot from a successful quest for the Holy Grail. This, to use the language of the country, made me "solid with the crowd."

At this time Dick expressed a desire of buying my horse and saddle. He said that a horse that could carry that amount of whisky must be an animal of some mettle. He offered me a fair price, and being uncertain of my future movements—not knowing even whether to remain in the country or go home—I told him he could have the horse at the price named, provided I could find a means of making my way to a stage road. Toppie, our invaluable Toppie, overheard our conversation, and was, as usual, at once to the fore with a suggestion. "Riverside is your nearest point for the stage road," said he. "I'll lend you one of my horses and ride with you into Riverside, if you'll give me ten dollars when we get there."

He was a splendid fellow, Toppie—tall and slim, sandy-haired and bearded, with red freckled skin and blue eyes, always

in a laugh. In camp he was for ever cracking jokes and telling stories. If for a moment left to his own devices he would be singing snatches of songs for his own amusement, or be entering into a jocular one-sided conversation with his horse. He was a poor horseman nevertheless; but he knew no fear and no principle, was utterly reckless, and as tender-hearted as a woman. What more delightful companion for a ride into Riverside? I sold my horse to Dick and promised Toppie his ten dollars when we got to Riverside.

CHAPTER II.—THE PRACTICAL MINER.

EARLY the next morning, before daylight, I heard Toppie's merry voice: "Get up—get up—all aboard for Riverside."

I crawled from my blankets and enquired of Toppie the necessity for keeping such early hours: "Well, boss," said he, "we'll breakfast at the widow's, down the valley, and get to Riverside in time to catch the evening coach to San Bernardino."

I am well awake now and in the dawning light perceive two horses ready saddled. Rolling up my blankets, Toppie ties them on the saddle of the horse he means to ride. He also takes charge of my gun, and cautioning me to hurry up and be careful, informs me that the horse I am to ride is not, as he phrases it, "real gentle."

I mount with care, and for one not "real gentle" he behaves very well.

"That's bully," says Toppie. "Now let's get"—and away he went with a wild scream and a "Good-bye to you, boys," to the still sleeping crowd.

Toppie leads the way over the rough mountain trail at a pace which fairly amazes me, as the daylight begins to alight on the juts and jags and corners of the raw-boned old "work-horse," on which he is mounted. Judging from Toppie's grunts and exclamations, and from the old horse's anything but even gait, it promises to be a most painful journey for Toppie. My young horse follows comfortably enough. Soon I take advantage of a slight widening of the track to press up along side of Toppie and question him about the necessity of so much speed. He seems to think my question rather a good joke. For a moment or two he is too much amused to answer. Then he says, "well,

boss, the widow won't give us breakfast, once she's washed up the things."

I can see the force of this argument and make no further suggestion. The widow is evidently a lady of some strength of character.

Luckily we arrive in time, but the very instant we have finished our breakfasts Toppie again sings out, "All aboard!" I cannot believe that there is any necessity for all this haste, but am really ashamed to remonstrate. If Toppie can stand it on his stiff old beast, surely I ought not to be showing the white feather on my really very pleasant mount.

Toppie evinces all the same unaccountable anxiety to push forward, even now that we are on the fair smooth road running down the Santa Jacinto valley. Coming alongside of Toppie, as he jolts and groans on the back of his raw-boned old beast, I asked him how he could ever have undertaken to ride such an animal. He is bound to confess that his mount is no longer a good saddle horse, and, in reply to many questions about the horses, shows the most remarkable ignorance. He does not even seem to know their names and answers most of my enquiries with a groan of intense discomfort.

I feel in duty bound to offer to exchange mounts for awhile, but Toppie declines with thanks, and goes on, with fearful grimaces, jolting along at best speed of his nag. At length the suffering is more than he can endure: "Well, boss," he says, "let's change for a spell; but come, hurry up."

I dismount, and have, luckily, a firm hold on both horses as Toppie, at no time much of a horseman, and at the present moment parlously stiff, climbs on the young horse's back and alights with a severe thump in the saddle. In about half a second he alights with a yet severer thump on the hard high road. The young horse has resented his method of mounting, and by the execution of one of the remarkable "bucks," so familiar to the equine race in that country, has removed the disagreeable burden from his back.

Toppie is rather shaken, but as soon as he gets back his wind exclaims, "Here, let's hurry up!" and climbs back with much difficulty and humility on his old steed and recommences the painful journey at the same rapid speed.

I now begin to notice that Toppie is frequently turning round in his saddle to explore, with a swift glance, the country behind him. I ask him what he is looking for, but he evades the

question in a groan of anguish. We have just passed Box Springs and are now within sight of the houses of Riverside, when, turning my head to see what in the world Toppie can be looking for, I perceive at no great distance behind us the dust raised by some horsemen, who are rapidly overtaking us. Toppie pulls his horse to a standstill, and facing me with a most peculiar look on his countenance, in which I really think amusement is the predominating expression, says queerly:—"It's all up with us, boss."

"What's all up?" I inquire.

"Well, I'll tell you," says he: "These ain't my horses, anyway. I stole them up the valley last night, and now the boys have caught us. I sold my horses two days ago to one of the boys, and asked him to lay low about it. Say, here come the boys. Shall we fight? What do you say?"

I realize our position fully, and also the motive for Toppie's anxiety to accomplish the journey quickly. What is to be done now? I have but just time to tell Toppie that if ever he makes a move towards his pistol, the fight will begin by my shooting him—when our pursuers are upon us—three fully armed men, with repeating rifles levelled fair upon us. "Throw up your hands," they shout.

I take a swift glance at Toppie, and though his hands go up into the air, I can scarcely restrain myself from shooting him as I see a broad grin upon the sinner's sandy-haired face. My own hands go up, and it is a relief when our captors have disarmed us, and laying their rifles on the horns of their saddles, tell us to ride on before them.

As we lead the procession at a foot's pace, Toppie at once begins the conversation. "Say, boys, my pard don't know nothing about this job. It was I as done it, and I lied to him and told him as the horses was mine."

"That's too thin," is the only comment our captors vouchsafe on this confession. One of them, gently tapping what I took to be his horse's picket rope, asks me if I know why he brought that along.

I tell him I suppose it is to picket his horse.

"Try again," he says; but I have no other conjecture at command.

"Well," says he, "I'll tell you. It's to put round the necks of the likes of you." He goes on to assure me that had we been overtaken away out in the valley, where there was no one about,

we should by this time have been both strung up to neighbouring trees.

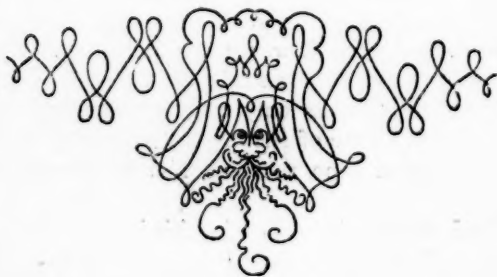
I do not doubt him in the least, and only feel grateful for the protection of the vicinity of Riverside. The position as it stands is not pleasant—a horse-stealer caught in the very act, now on my way to San Bernardino jail, under arrest. I know so few people in the country; none really well. I am convinced that in the end I can prove my innocence, but in the meantime feel myself booked for some days of quiet reflection in San Bernardino jail.

We stop to rest at the only store in Riverside, and you may well imagine my delight to find in the storekeeper one of the few people to whom I had been introduced in Los Angeles. He is also well acquainted with our captors, and after a good deal of parleying persuades them to let us off on payment of what I consider the very reasonable fine of twenty-five dollars.

I returned the next day to Los Angeles on the stage, and from thence went to San Francisco. Toppie, I believe, returned to the mining camp a few days later. His captors had wanted him to return with them, but Toppie, perhaps wisely, declined to trust them.

For a thoroughly reliable, expert, hard-working, practical miner of unblemished character, I shall be happy to recommend to any of my friends, Mr. Toppie Johnson.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



Correspondence.

The pages devoted to Correspondence are intended not only for broaching fresh subjects on an unlimited variety of topics, but also for brief criticisms or comments upon Articles which appear in the Magazine. The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

A GHOSTLY MANIFESTATION AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

In 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE' for July appeared a remarkable narrative, entitled "A Ghostly Manifestation." It was signed "A Clergyman:" and contained a promise that names and further information would be given to a serious inquirer. The clergyman, whom I will call Mr. X., has kindly replied to my questions on the matter, and has sent me the corroborative statement of his wife, the only other white witness of the phenomena. There is little doubt, I think, that the events occurred substantially as narrated, and the question, therefore, is as to their explanation.

In scrutinizing such records one has first to consider,—not what natural explanation will fit the phenomena as *recorded*, for this would usually be to seek in vain,—but what natural explanation will fit the record with *least allowance* for exaggeration, and for defects of observation and memory. In this case a hoax on the part of the boys seemed to me, though a strained, yet a possible explanation. But Mr. X. explains to me that the boys as well as the servant formed part of his own party; were strangers in the capital, and dependent on himself for protection. "No other native," he adds, "had access to the house after we were once in." Nor were any rats seen in the house.

There are many well-attested cases, some of which have been set forth by Mrs. Sidgwick in Part VIII. of the 'Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research' (*Trübner & Co.*), where various persons, simultaneously or successively, have experienced hallucinatory sights or sounds in the same house to an extent which places the coincidence

of their hallucinations beyond the range of chance. In some (but not in all) of these cases there are, as in the present instance, circumstances in the history of the house which, while previously unknown to the observers, do nevertheless *fit in* to some extent with the phenomena observed. For reasons too long to give here, I personally think it not impossible that some vague series of reminiscences on the part of a deceased person, some dream of a dead man's, may occasionally affect survivors in the form of a hallucination.

Assuming, for discussion's sake, that this was here the case, I may add that I do not suppose that the door actually moved. Mr. X., naturally enough, assumes that it did shake; although he tells me that he did not *see* it shake. But even had he *seen* it shake, I should have doubted whether it actually did so. The subjoined case, if you care to print it, will illustrate my meaning.

From Mr. PAUL BIRD, 39, Strand, Calcutta.

May, 1884.

"The experience I and my wife have had in Calcutta is curious, inasmuch as the manifestation was prolonged, and I have been able to form no theory about it of any sort. We occupied the upper flat of a large house for several years. Three or four months before we left for England, we were one night roused from sleep by the violent rattling of a door-handle, as if a man were trying to force an entry. The noise ceased as I went to the door, which I opened, but there was nobody in the next room. I must here premise, as important, that this door had a defective latch; the catch did not act. It had a brass door-handle, and it was my custom every night to put a piece of plank under this handle, one end of the plank resting on the floor, so that by kicking the plank at the bottom the handle was tightly jammed, and the door, therefore, securely fastened. This disturbance constantly occurred. We were awakened again and again by the noise. I tried everything I could think of to find out the cause. I kept a light burning in the next room, and when the noise occurred, ran into the verandah, and looked through the venetians. There was the light burning all right, but nothing else. This went on for several months. At length, as usual, we were wakened by the noise, and as I got up I saw it was nearly daylight, and I said to my wife, 'Now I may find out something.' I advanced to the door, the handle rattling violently, and I *saw* it shaking, as I thought; but when I put my hand on the knob I found it immovable—it was so tightly wedged by the plank I spoke of, that I could not move it in the least, though stronger than the average. I kicked away the plank, and, as usual, found nothing on the other side of the door. Shortly after this we left for England. I may add that we are now living in the same flat, that we found the door-handle had been taken off this particular door only, which is now fastened by a padlock, and that I tried to find out from the landlord something about this door, but without success. We have been in the flat since April 4th, but so far have not been disturbed. I am, of course, convinced that when I *saw* the handle shaken it was an optical delusion; it could not have been shaken, it was so securely wedged.

"PAUL BIRD."

From Mrs. BIRD, Calcutta.

July 25th, 1884.

"I am happy to add what I can in corroboration of my husband's statements. The visitation to the door-handle in our bedroom, here in Calcutta, can never be forgotten, because it was such a very strange affair, and so utterly inexplicable. The door-handle was wedged so very firmly by the plank, as described by my husband, yet the noise, produced so mysteriously, was so very loud and sustained. It was a quicker and more vibratory noise than I could ever produce myself by taking hold of the handle, when liberated, and rattling it, and I have never succeeded in producing an exactly similar sound, though I have sometimes tried to illustrate it when telling the story to friends.

"GERTRUDE BIRD."

Mr. X. mentions to me another point of interest. There were two small dogs in the room; and these dogs slept undisturbed through all the noises which woke and kept awake their master and mistress. This fact, while certainly tending to show that the noises were *hallucinatory*, and not real waves of sound,—and so far supporting the theory of their ghostly origin,—may surprise those who believe that if anything "ghostly" is to be seen or heard, a dog will certainly see or hear it. Generally dogs seem to do so; but Mr. X.'s case confirms a supposition which we had already made, viz. that when the animals are present, and do *not* observe the phantasmal sights or sounds, their owners are likely to forget to mention them.

The narrative as it stands,—or say rather the existence in our collection of dozens of *bonâ fide* narratives of similar type,—points a moral which I must conclude by urging on every reader. The hallucinations of sane persons form a subject of inquiry full of the most interesting problems, which much wider information—but nothing short of this—may enable us to solve to the profit of science. In order to get this information, a "census of hallucinations" is being conducted in England and in France. The object is to get from 50,000 persons an answer—and particulars, if the answer is "yes"—to the following question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing, or being touched by a living being, or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

Professor Sidgwick, Hillside, Cambridge, will supply census-forms and instructions on application. From whatever point of view we regard these matters, there can be no doubt that *more facts* are the first thing needed; and this census seems a likely way to procure them.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,

Hon. Sec. Society for Psychical Research,
Leckhampton House, Cambridge.

Notes of the Month.

THE debate on the Protection of Children Bill in the House of Lords was signalized by a remarkably effective speech from the Archbishop of Canterbury. On some previous occasions His Grace has appeared to be nervous, apparently overweighted by the sense of responsibility, and, in Presbyterian parlance, "terribly tied to the paper." In these respects he has been unfavourably contrasted with Archbishop Tait, whose speaking in the House of Lords was a model of parliamentary manner, fluent, clear, calm, and conspicuously the utterance of "one having authority." But in the recent debate, Archbishop Benson was visibly moved by lively sympathy with his subject, and spoke of the physical, moral, and mental harm to children, which must result from their employment in theatres, with genuine eloquence and force.

It is strange in these days of "development" and "culture" to hear of tribes still existing who have not yet reached the Stone Age in the history of their civilization; but it is nevertheless true that there are such people—men who possess no iron, or even shaped stone implement or weapon, and who are unacquainted with bows and arrows. Dr. Lumholtz, who was sent out some time ago by the University of Christiania to make researches in the natural history and ethnology of Australia, has recently returned to Europe after several years of study and travel, partly in regions and among tribes hitherto unvisited by any white man. He has brought with him many new specimens of animals and birds, chief among which is the "Boongary," or tree kangaroo of Northern Queensland; but his most interesting experiences were those gathered during his solitary residence among the savages of the Herbert River, who are perhaps, intellectually and socially, in a more primitive state than any other inhabitants of the world. Dr. Lumholtz is engaged in writing a book which will appear next autumn. It is a curious coincidence that he and his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nansen, should have appeared before the British public, from regions so widely remote, in the course of the same year.

It is rumoured—and denied—that Lord St. Cyres, an undergraduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and grandson to the late Lord Iddesleigh, has been received into the Church of Rome in that city. But, be this

as it may, there is certainly a great revival of proselytizing energy in Oxford, where the Roman Catholic church of St. Aloysius is powerfully manned and worked on attractive lines. The Romeward movement is favoured by the fact that recent legislation has greatly weakened the official hold of the Church of England on the University and the Colleges, and by the removal from Oxford of many leading spirits of the Anglican party. Dr. Talbot has gone to Leeds, Dr. Liddon is seldom seen at Christchurch, Mr. Holland always resides in London, and Mr. Gore is constantly obliged to leave the Pusey House on account of ill-health. Out of this denuded condition of Anglicanism, its enemies of course "suck no small advantage."

Dr. Liddon, who has been closely occupied this summer with his Life of Dr. Pusey, is feeling the effects of overwork, and has found the preparation and delivery of his August sermons in St. Paul's a rather heavy burden. The Bishop of Durham has recovered sufficiently to resume his literary labours, but is still quite unequal to active work in his diocese.

A paper in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on the "New Liberalism," by Mr. Atherley-Jones, one of the Radical members for Durham, has excited the liveliest indignation in the official quarters of the Liberal party. Mr. Jones frankly admits that the English electors do not care a rap for Irish grievances, and cannot be made to "enthuse worth a cent" for Home Rule. He further declares that the party is profoundly disorganized—and that its leaders are completely out of touch with their followers, which things may or may not be true, but are certainly not agreeable hearing for official ears.

The death of Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, is a great loss to the lovers of devotional poetry. Though a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, Dr. Bonar wrote hymns which have been sung with enthusiasm by English congregations, and read with delight and edification in the most orthodox of Anglican homes. Among these some of the best known are "The Church has waited long;" "Thy way, not mine, O Lord;" "I heard the Voice of Jesus say;" and "A few more years shall roll."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The collapse of Boulanger's appeal to the nation has been wofully disappointing to his partisans, although it is no more than might have been expected after his flight from France. The French are too much engrossed in their own affairs, and, generally, too indifferent to pretenders, to keep much interest in those at a distance, unless

constantly reminded of them by something coming directly home to their feelings. They are excitable, and easily worked up by the excitement of others ; but there must be somebody present to be excited about, for, or against. The French Government well knew what they were doing when they exiled the Comte de Paris ; he is now completely forgotten by the multitude, notwithstanding the amusingly sonorous declarations of the newspapers devoted to his cause, that "*La monarchie est faite.*" What "*monarchie?*" The Empire would be more likely than that of the Comte de Paris. There was then a period of immense prosperity, which the working and labouring classes look back upon with regret ; while they have a vague fear of kings and taxes, mixed up together. They might have accepted Boulanger even, with the understanding that "*Bibi*" meant "*Boulanger Imperator,*" because he was altogether new and untried ; it was a lottery-ticket, which might bring a prize, and they like lotteries. Then he pranced on a black horse, and promised military glory ; this was an immense attraction, for it might come true, and this would be delightful. What the cost of that military glory would be, they do not stop to examine. But Boulanger is a condemned exile, and they have the Exhibition to enjoy. This is enough for the present. Whether his extradition will be requested or granted, or how long it may be before he again sets foot in France, the future alone can disclose.

Meanwhile, the higher and educated classes are grave and sad. All have a vague foreboding of evil, a feeling as if the present time were a sort of Belshazzar's Feast, with the Medes and Persians at the gates. Everything is going to ruin. Farmers cannot pay the landlords, nor sell their stock ; land is offered for sale at disastrous prices, and finds no purchasers. The Exhibition has given a fictitious impetus to trade, but in reality the struggle for life everywhere is terrible. Incomes are diminishing, and taxes are crushing ; professions are overcrowded, and now that education has become a drug in the market, the lower social strata are pushing upwards, so that at last, unless they get Chinese or negroes to till the soil, the gentlemen will have to drive the plough, while their wives cook their dinners. The mistresses of training schools will tell visitors that, even amongst the daughters of farm labourers, they cannot find any who will condescend to be cooks. No, indeed ! They are far too grand to clean saucepans, they all wish to be ladies' maids ; whilst ladies, in consequence of reduced means, are learning to do without them ! Not long ago there were *twenty-three thousand* female domestic servants seeking situations on the registers in Paris ! The girls of the working class, who formerly looked to be ladies' maids, now all insist on becoming teachers or governesses. The examinations are, purposely, made more and more absurdly severe, to thin the ranks of candidates ; but every one tries to get a diploma, with the result that there are now *six thousand* certificated candidates in Paris alone for the next vacancy in a Government school—even an infant school !

The military law has caused general consternation amongst all the Conservateurs, and even the better class of Radicals, who admit that the only result will be a number of inefficient soldiers, with clergy rendered unfit for their mission. It is a direct blow struck at the clergy, and is resented as such by all respectable classes. That all ecclesiastical students should be forced to spend one year in the barracks; that all priests, under forty-five years of age, consequently, even Bishops (if there be any so comparatively young), should be liable to military service in the ranks, as also members of religious orders, chaplains, and professors in colleges, seems to indicate such determined hostility to the Church, that every one wonders what will come next? It was hoped that M. Carnot would exert his influence to get the obnoxious Bill withdrawn, or at least deferred; but, whatever may be the immediate reason, he would appear in this instance to have shown himself a mere signing machine.

There will be a desperate struggle at the elections, and if the Revision party carry the day, M. Carnot may be required to take his bows and smiles to the precincts of his own private home. Everywhere, from the Prince of the Faubourg St. Germain, to the workman who comes to mend a lock, or drive a nail, does one hear the same cry, "Cela ne peut pas durer."

But what is coming? With many it amounts to this, Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!

Meanwhile Paris is crowded; but visitors will see no Parisians of the better class. Shoals from the distant provinces, not the least interesting of which are the simple country people, who are dumbfounded with amazement, showing their astonishment and delight with characteristic *naïveté*. The people of all nations, who have come by tourist agencies, with cheap tickets, practically but shabbily dressed (having brought but little luggage), form the majority at present; all Parisians in a situation enabling them to go, have gone.

The shops make no great show; we noticed, however, some pretty hats. A particularly brilliant scarlet is in favour just now, as a trimming for straw hats; we remarked two; both were trimmed with velvet ribbon of that rich shade, tied with a large bow: one had a sheaf of oat-ears, as if just gathered, carelessly thrown across it; the other was wreathed with a bough of green filberts—fruit, and leaves. Both were stylish and pretty; the former would be particularly becoming to a brunette complexion and dark eyes.

A recent publication entitled "La Passion d'un Auteur," purporting to be the answers of Mérimée's "Inconnue" to his well-known Letters, has attracted some attention, although the present Letters seem to have been touched up and remodelled for the occasion. The publication of

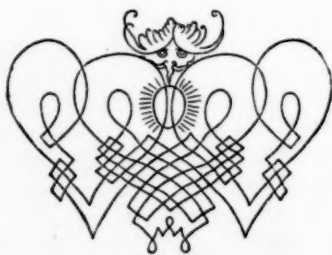
the "*Lettres à une Inconnue*," caused great indignation at the time, as a most unjustifiable breach of confidence, for mere love of lucre.

The "*Inconnue*" was an English governess, residing with the family of her employer, at Boulogne-sur-mer. She conceived the rather imprudent idea of writing to Mérimée, and entrusted the letter which began the famous correspondence to a schoolboy returning to Paris after his holidays. The experiment would always be a dangerous one for romantic young ladies, with most French novelists; the cynical reputation of Mérimée was not likely to improve matters. He was interested and flattered; he answered the letter, and a correspondence followed. Miss — went with her employers to Paris; and there an interview was managed. She was pretty, with the "splendid black eyes" to which Mérimée alludes in his letters; he was fascinated, and great intimacy followed; at first with some difficulty, but an improvement in the position of Miss —, which made her independent, rendered intercourse more easy. Why he did not marry her remains to be explained; for the letters indicate great affection, and very considerable intimacy—more than might be considered justifiable between a pretty young woman and a bachelor without "intentions."

But this is ancient history, and concerns only the "*Inconnue*."

What is more to the point at present is the breach of confidence, for which Miss — cannot be excused. Mérimée wrote to her unreservedly, trusting her fully; and after his death, she flung him to the world, revealing all that he would so earnestly have wished to conceal, with the sole aim of making money by his name and by his love.

French writers have laid the lesson to their hearts, and modern "*Inconnues*" would not find the same facilities for such a speculation. There is a general resolution, never to write a line which may not be shown to the whole world; and it must be owned that such a determination is a wise one, in times where no privacy is considered sacred.



Our Library List.

LETTERS: LITERARY REMAINS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited by W. A. WRIGHT. (3 vols. 31s. 6d., *Macmillan*.) The first of these volumes contains Mr. Fitzgerald's letters; the second his translations of six dramas by Calderon, and Euphranor, a charming dialogue with something of a platonic perfume; and the third, beside a fine rendering of Agamemnon, the celebrated paraphrase of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The letters, which have perhaps the greatest interest for the general reader, are written in a delightful style, and reveal a quaint and perverse mind. With gifts which might have enabled him to take a leading part in the world of letters, he was content to remain amongst the violins of the orchestra, and never cared to appear upon the stage. He led a simple country life, absorbed in his books, his garden, his neighbours, and his friends in the world. The latter profited by his leisure; for to them he gave the benefit of his original and richly stored mind in these letters, which are like the most vivid conversations. The friend from youth of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle, he lived in constant touch with them and their works. No more life-like or interesting impressions have ever been given of them than in the numerous allusions and descriptions scattered throughout the correspondence. But delightful as Mr. Fitzgerald is when writing about men and books, he is quite as much at home with nature, and some of his most charming letters are those which tell of his life on his boat in the company of the sailors and the sea he loved so well.

EXPRESS TRAINS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN, by E. FOXWELL and T. C. FARRER (*Smith, Elder, & Co.*), is a very thorough and competent performance dealing with all the railways of the world in respect to their comparative speed. Our readers will have been prepared to appreciate such a volume by Mr. Acworth's series of papers on English Railway Companies. A great portion of the book consists of statistical tables, yet so skilfully are these presented, and so shrewd are the comments with which they are interspersed, that the volume once taken up is not readily laid aside. The speed entitling a train to be ranked as express is fixed by our authors at 40 miles an hour for England and 29 miles an hour for foreign countries, scarcely any trains on the Continent attaining to the higher standard. As an example of how complete is British supremacy in such matters, we may

mention that the "lightning" express of Italy is slower than a goods train on the Great Northern. Many readers will be surprised to learn that the actual cost of running a train is not more than one shilling a mile.

THE HANSA TOWNS, by HELEN ZIMMERN, "Story of the Nations" series (*Fisher Unwin*), is the first history in English of the great trade league which for upwards of two centuries governed the commerce of Northern Europe, and which, though its power has long vanished, only reached formal and complete extinction last year. Though it rested on no basis more spiritual than pecuniary advantage, the Hanseatic League acted in the time of its supremacy as a great civilizing industry, encouraging the arts of peace, setting up an ideal of life different from and more humane than the chivalric, and supplying a check to the barbarous anti-social methods of rule practised by the nobles and their retainers. Miss Zimmern writes fluently, and is able to illustrate her subject from a wide range of reading. Her language is, perhaps, at times somewhat perfervid. The volume contains many woodcuts, mostly taken from medieval sources or from photographs of old buildings.

FATHER DAMIEN, by E. CLIFFORD (*Macmillan*), gives a brief account of the work among the lepers of Molokai, which has rendered the name of the heroic Belgian priest famous throughout Christendom. The biographer, an artist whose striking portraits were a few years ago familiar to visitors to the water-colour galleries, accidentally read an account of his hero in the spring of 1887, and, being ardently interested in missionary work, at once resolved to visit him in his Hawaiian home. He took with him stores of a remedy for leprosy (gurjun oil), which had proved efficacious in the Andaman Islands in cases where the disease had not obtained a firm hold. Arrived at his destination, he was received with cordial kindness, and in spite of the difference of creed—for Mr. Clifford, as he explains at some length, is not a Roman Catholic,—became very intimate with Father Damien and his fellow-workers. His narrative is set forth in a simple, earnest style, which at times rises into eloquence. It is perhaps regrettable that the volume has been filled out with matter quite irrelevant to its main subject.

SKETCHES OF A YACHTING CRUISE, by MAJOR GAMBIER PARRY (*Allen*), records a cruise through the length and breadth of the Mediterranean—Gibraltar, Sicily, Corfu, Greece, the Cyclades, Mount Athos—and an excursion to Sevastopol. We confess that we are hardly able to judge its pages with strict impartiality, for they recall to us halcyon days, when we too were voyaging "slowly over the perfumed sea" among the "deep woods and white temples and wet caves" of the Ægean. Even for readers who have no such store of memories the

volume should prove a delightful holiday companion, for Major Gambier Parry sees Nature with something of a painter's eyes, and has plenty of information to impart concerning the historic sites which he visits. He does not write as a specialist, but as a cultivated man of the world, whose knowledge is none the less sound for being acquired in a somewhat desultory fashion. The illustrations are unequal; all show an eye for artistic effect, but some betray the untrained draughtsman.

LADY CAR, by MRS. OLIPHANT (*Longmans*), though a story complete in itself, is a sequel to a former novel by the same accomplished author. Lady Caroline Lindon had been married, under compulsion, to a rich parvenu, and had borne him two children. On his death, his widow, still young and endowed with all his wealth, wedded her early love. But as her first husband had been too rough, so her second was too smooth for her happiness. She had dreamed that he would make a name for himself in the world and carry out some great work, whereas, though his behaviour towards her was tender and devoted, he employed his spare time and money in frivolous amusements. Meanwhile the children of the former marriage did not turn out well, the girl growing up insolent and the boy a scamp. When the latter was discovered to have contracted a marriage, which he believed to be a mock one, with a milliner's girl, Lady Car, whose health had long been failing, took to her bed and died. She was a very sweet and superior, but rather ineffectual, person.

PRINCESS SUNSHINE, by MRS. RIDDELL (2 vols. *Ward & Downey*), is a collection of three stories, of which the first is much the longest and the best. Its central figure, Gregory Gifford, a man steadily pursuing a lofty purpose at the cost of much personal privation, is of a type not wholly unfamiliar to readers of Mrs. Riddell's former works, who will also recognize the main features of the innocent happy-hearted maiden bringing sunshine into her guardian's life. The minor characters are well sketched, and include the three Misses Giffords, ladies who have come down in the world through loss of money, and unable to reconcile themselves to their altered social position; and Percy Gifford, their handsome, idle, self-indulgent and vain brother, who imagines himself to possess literary talent and poses for a brief period as a successful novelist. The story deals with supernatural portents, and is not a very strong production. "Why Dr. Cray left Southam," is ingenious, but exceedingly slight.

MISS SHAFTO, by W. E. NORRIS (3 vols. *Bentley*), fulfils the prophecy which we ventured to make concerning its author a few months since. We do not think that the present volumes are quite up to the level of "The Rogue," but taste differs in such matters; very likely

some of our readers will hold an opposite opinion. The plot is very slight, turning on the question whether the heroine will or will not accept the love of a certain Lord Walter Sinclair; and on the financial fortunes of her father, a squire who endeavoured to economise by taking a house in Upper Belgrave Street, and then frittered away his money in speculation under the guidance of an unscrupulous German baron. The last-named is perhaps the strongest character in the book; for if one had to be critical, one would say that Mr. Norris's personages are apt to suffer from anæmia, intellectual and moral. Mr. Shafto, the obstinate, foolish, kind-hearted ex-squire, is delicately drawn; but Lord Walter's elder brother, a raffish but chivalrous Marquis, seems to us to draw merely a thin and literary breath.

